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ENGLISH VERSE

CHAUCER TO BURNS

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE origins of English Verse are to be sought in various directions, recondite as well as obvious; for while there is no difficulty in following it from Chaucer down, we must remember that when it reached Chaucer it was not a rill but a river,—a river whose volume had been increased by many affluents, each with a spring or well-head of its own. The first singers were the minstrels, or glee-men, who chanted at feasts and festivals and accompanied themselves on the harp. Who they were and what they sung we have to conjecture, for their names and their songs have alike perished. We only know that their profession was a recognized one, and that grave dignitaries of the Church thought it an honor to be skilled therein. The first poet whose name has reached us is Cædmon. There is a touch of the marvellous in his story as it is related by Bede, and a touch of the romantic as it is related by Morley. What appears to be authentic in it is that he lived in the seventh century, and was a tenant on some abbey lands at Whitby. He was so much less instructed than his equals, Wright tells us, that he had not even learned any poetry, and when the harp was

turned toward him in the hall where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in his turn, he would often retire to hide his shame. On one of these occasions he quitted the table, and went to the stable,—for it was his duty that night to watch the cattle,—and watching awhile he laid himself down, and fell into a sound slumber. In his sleep a stranger came to him, and said, “Cædmon, sing.” And he answered, “I know nothing to sing, for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither.” “Nay,” said the stranger, “but thou hast something to sing.” “What must I sing?” “Sing the Creation.” And thereupon he began to sing verses which he had never heard before. When he awoke he not only remembered the lines that he had made in his sleep, but he found that he could go on with them in the same strain. In the morning he went to the steward, and, telling him what had happened to him, was conducted to the Abbess Hilda, who, ordering portions of the Scriptures to be related to him, bade him go home and turn them into verse. He returned the next day with his task accomplished, and in a short time was received into the monastery, where he continued his Scriptural studies and Scriptural verses. Cædmon paraphrased the whole of Genesis, with the exception of the portion devoted to events subsequent to Isaac, and passed on to the history of Moses and his laws, and the passage through the Red Sea. Then he made an abrupt transition to the Book of Daniel, that he might tell the story of the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, set forth the wisdom of Daniel in expounding dreams, and denounce the doom of Belshazzar. His

genius took a broader flight in the second book, which opens with the complaint of the fallen angels in hell and the lamentation of the souls detained in Limbo, and then depicts the descent of Christ for the liberation of those souls, concluding with a description of the terrors of the Day of Judgment. Such was the first English poet, and such was his poem, which was written in short lines, without rhyme, the rhythm depending upon accent.

We stand on firm ground when we come to Cædmon, but before we reach him, and after we leave him, we are without a guide in the shifting sands of chronology. He must have had predecessors, and he must have had descendants; but who they were, and what they wrote, cannot now be determined with any certainty. Belonging to his period, and perhaps his contemporary, was the unknown poet who put Beowulf into verse, and thereby preserved the historical matter which it embodies, and which pertains to the end of the fifth century. In the Traveller's Song, which is thought to have been composed in the latter half of the sixth century, we have the name of its singer, Widsith, and an account of the different peoples which he had visited as a glee-man. The stream of English Verse was distinguished by two main currents as it swept along through the succeeding centuries,—the source of one being history, and the source of the other religion. The next poet whose name has descended to us was Cynewulf. He may have been a Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in the year 780, or he may have been an Abbot of Peterborough, who died in the year 1014. He is known to have written three

poems, one entitled *Elene*, based on the legend of St. Helena, and the finding of the True Cross ; a second, entitled *Juliana*, based on the legend of that martyr in the days of the Emperor Maximian ; and a third, which was rather a series of religious poems than a single poem, entitled *Christ*. There are several other religious poems of Cynewulf's period, which embraced two centuries and a quarter, all the work of unknown hands. The most important are a legend of St. Guthlac, a legend of St. Andrew, a vision of the Holy Rood, the Phoenix, an allegory on the life of the Christian, The Panther, a fable applied to the resurrection of Christ, The Fate of the Apostles, The Falsehood of Men, and two Addresses of the Soul to the Body. Besides these remain fragments of a poem on Judith, and a poem on The Grave, and—*flotsam* and *jetsam* from the current of history—a fragment of an old chant about the battle of Finnesburgh, a considerable portion of a poem on the battle of Maldon, fought in the year 993, and an Ode on the victory of King Athelstan over the Scots and Danes at Brunanburg, in the year 938, which last the reader will find, if he cares to, in the first volume of Ellis's Specimens.

The historical current in English Verse was soon to be swollen with a powerful affluent, the source of which must be traced to Nennius, who may have lived in the eighth, or ninth, or tenth century. He wrote in Latin prose a History of the Britons, which contains the earliest account of the legend of King Arthur, and was followed by William of Malmesbury, who was probably born in the last decade of the eleventh century, and who also wrote in Latin prose a History of the Kings of

England. A few years after his death Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh priest, wrote a Latin prose History of British Kings. In its earliest form, which consisted of four books, it was a translation of an ancient History of Britain, which Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, found in Brittany, written in the Cymric tongue. He afterward enlarged it to eight books, adding to it the Prophecies of Merlin, which he had translated from Cymric verse into Latin prose, and finally completed it in twelve books, in the year 1147. The popularity of the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the desire to gratify the wife of a Northern baron who could not read Latin, induced Geoffrey Gaimar to translate this History into French verse of eight syllables. A few years later Wace, a native of the island of Jersey, turned it into a French metrical romance, *Brut d'Angleterre*.

The early history of Britain, which was filtered, we are told, from a lost Cymric original into the Latin prose of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and which flowed thence, as we have seen, in the French verse of Gaimar and Wace, reached the stream of English Verse through Layamon, or Laweman, a parish priest at Ernley. He expanded Wace's *Brut* with additions from other sources until its length was more than doubled. His measure was the alliterative measure that Cædmon had employed, though it was less regular in structure, with occasional rhymes. The same elements that were active in the period of Cædmon were active in the period of Layamon, the verse-movements of history and religion being contemporaneous in both. Beside the *Brut* of Layamon we must place the Ormulum, the work of a

canon of the order of St. Augustine, named Ormin, or Orm. This holy man set out to compose a series of Homilies upon those portions of the New Testament which were read in the daily service of the Church, his plan being to give a paraphrastic version of the Gospel of the day, adapting the matter to the rules of his verse, and then to add an exposition of the subject in its doctrinal and practical bearings. "Some idea may be formed of the extent of Ormin's labors when we consider that, out of the entire series of Homilies, provided for nearly the whole of the yearly service, nothing is left but the text of the thirty-second." As this fragment amounts to nearly ten thousand lines, or nearly twenty thousand as they are printed, some idea may also be formed of the superhuman piety and patience of Ormin's readers. The measure of the *Ormulum* consists of fifteen syllables, divided into two sections, the one of eight, the other of seven syllables, and is without rhyme or alliteration. Related in spirit to Ormin and Cædmon was an anonymous writer who about the middle of the thirteenth century produced a metrical version of the story of Genesis and Exodus in octosyllabic verse, and a cluster of unknown writers who in the period between Cædmon and Ormin produced various metrical Homilies, Creeds, Paternosters, Joys of the Virgin, besides short devotional and moral poems.

From the thirteenth century we should date the origin or earliest composition of English metrical romances, of the majority of which it is safe to say, that if not translations from, they are based upon, French originals. But we must not allow ourselves to be be-

guiled into the charmed circle of the Metrical Romance, which has created a large literature of its own. Our business is with the main stream of English Verse, and not with the rivers or lakes which may have flowed out from it. We resume, therefore, its historical current, which we quitted for a moment when we came to Layamon, and proceed with it until we reach Peter Langtoft, a canon of Augustinians at Bridlington, who wrote in French verse a Chronicle of England, which need not detain us, and Robert of Gloucester, a monk of the abbey of that town, who also wrote, in English verse, a Chronicle of England. "It was in long lines of seven accents, and occasionally six, and was the first complete history of his country, from the earliest times to his own day, written in popular rhymes by an Englishman." Robert of Gloucester was followed by Robert Mannyng, otherwise called Robert of Brunn, from his birthplace in Lincolnshire, who recast in English rhymes the French metrical chronicles of Wace and Langtoft, the former in octosyllables, the latter in Alexandrines. That we are able to indicate, even briefly, two of the elements of English Verse from the time of Cædmon to the time of Robert of Brunn, we owe to the zeal of the religious men who composed the writings that we have mentioned, and the industry of the religious men who transcribed them. Co-workers with these, toward the close of this period, were the writers of the French metrical romances, many of which were probably composed in England, as were the *Lais* of Marie de France. There were, no doubt, other elements in English Verse than those that have been indicated ; but they have disappeared from the

body of it, because they were of a vocal and not of a literary nature. A people among whom minstrels and glee-men were as highly thought of as we know they were among the Anglo-Saxons cannot have been without songs of their own making. They must have had battle ballads,—a pæan over every battle that was won, a lamentation over every battle that was lost, and they must have had lyrics of love, for they abound among the folk-songs of all European peoples. Campbell quotes a stanza from one of these productions, and says it would not disgrace the lyric poetry of a refined age :

“ For her love I cark and care,
For her love I droop and dare ;
For her love my bliss is bare,
And all I wax wan.
For her love in sleep I slake,
For her love all night I wake ;
For her love mourning I make
More than any man.”

If Campbell had not stripped this of its antiquated spelling one might approximate its date, but as it stands it would be rash to do so. It cannot, however, be very old. Belonging to an earlier period is this nature-lyric :

“ Summer is y-comen in,
Loude sing cuckoo :
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now ;
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cow.

Bullock starteth,
Buck verteth,
Merry sing cuckoo !
Cuckoo, cuckoo !
Well sings thou, cuckoo !
Ne swick thou never now."

Early English Verse should be read with a thorough knowledge of the people for whom it was written, and the language in which it was written, for read otherwise it possesses but little interest, and even that little is of a relative rather than a positive character. It must always have an important place in the intellectual history of England, and largely on account of the light that it sheds upon its early history and its early religion. It is in Wace and Geoffrey of Monmouth that we first find Sabrina, and Gorboduc, and Lear, and that noblest of all kingly figures—Arthur ; and it was from these and the Latin poet Walter Map, that the whole cycle of the Arthurian epic grew. And seven hundred years before Dante, and a thousand years before Milton, the genius of the groom, or monk, Layamon had penetrated the circles of Hell.

One form which the religious element in English Verse assumed in the eleventh or twelfth century remains to be noticed,—the dramatic form. It probably originated in France, in the Mysteries, through which the priests sought to impress the leading events and personages of Scripture upon the minds of the illiterate, and it was common to the period. Geoffrey of Gorham is said to have written a miracle-play of St. Katharine in the first years of the twelfth century, and Hilarius, who had studied under Abelard at Paraclete,

certainly wrote three,—one turning upon a miracle of St. Nicholas, another upon the raising of Lazarus, and a third upon the history of Daniel. At first these sacred dramas appear to have been acted by priests in the interior of churches on holy days, but the churches soon proving too small to hold the crowds that thronged to witness them, they were acted upon scaffoldings erected outside. By the middle of the thirteenth century they were acted by the laity as well as the clergy, generally by different guilds, or companies, who ranked among their possessions the properties in which they were exhibited. The sets of these plays belonging to the guilds became so numerous that several days were occupied in acting them. Many sets have undoubtedly been lost, but three remain, and are known from the names of the places where they were acted as the Chester Plays, of which there are twenty-four, the Wakefield Plays, of which there are thirty-two, and the Coventry Plays, of which there are forty-two. The Chester Plays are believed to have been written by Ralph Higden, a Benedictine monk, whom tradition sends three times to Rome in order to obtain the Pope's leave to have them acted in English, and they are said to have been so acted—or a portion of them—at Chester in the years 1327–1328. This miracle-play literature can be read, but it demands great curiosity and great patience, for the feeling which is awakened in the reading is the reverse of pious.

The historical and religious elements of English Verse were active in the fourteenth century, the one in Lawrence Minot, and the other in William Langland. Of Minot, whom Morley pronounces the first national

song-writer, nothing is known, except that he lived in the reign of Edward III., and that he celebrated ten of his battles in Scotland, and France, and Brabant. The ballads of Minot were probably written about the time of the actions they celebrate, which extended from the year 1333 to the year 1352. Little is known of Langland, the author of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*. He is said to have been born at Cleobury, in Shropshire, and he is also said to have been born at Skipton-under-Wychwood, in Oxfordshire, and he is believed to have been attached at one time to the monastery at Great Malvern. The *Vision of Piers Ploughman* is a long allegorical poem, divided into twenty sections, or *Passus*, each of which professes, as Craik has observed, to form a separate vision, though the connection of the several parts is so inartificial or confused that the composition may be regarded as being in reality not so much one poem as a succession of poems. "The general subject," Craik continues, "may be said to be the same with that of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the exposition of the impediments and temptations which beset the crusade of this our mortal life ; and the method, too, like Bunyan's, is the allegorical ; but the spirit of the poetry is not so much picturesque or even descriptive, as satirical. Vices and abuses of all sorts come in for their share of the exposure and invective ; but the main attack throughout is directed against the corruptions of the church, and the hypocrisy and worldliness, the ignorance, indolence, and sensuality of the ecclesiastical order. To this favorite theme the author constantly returns with new affection and sharper zest from any higher

matter he may occasionally take up. Hence it has been commonly assumed that he must have himself belonged to the ecclesiastical profession, that he was probably a priest or monk. And his *Vision* has been regarded not only as mainly a religious poem, but as almost a Puritanical and Protestant work, although produced nearly two centuries before either Protestantism and Puritanism was ever heard of." Langland knew what was fermenting in the minds of his countrymen, and how to reach them effectively. A specimen of the measure of *Piers Ploughman* will show what it is like. Here are the first twelve lines, which hardly require a glossary.

"In a somer seson
 When softe was the sonne,
 I shoop me into shroudes
 As I a sheep weere,
 In habite as an heremite
 Unholy of werkes,
 Went wide in this world
 Wondres to here;
 Ac on a May morwenynge
 On Malverne hilles
 Me bifel a feely
 Of fairye me thoghte."

About thirty years before Langland penned the beginning of *Piers Ploughman*, Minot celebrated in his first ballad the battle of Halidon Hill, which was fought on the 19th of July, 1333. Here is the opening stanza :

"Trew king, that sittes in trone,
 Unto the i tell my tale,
 And unto the i bid a bone,
 For thou ert bute of all my bale :

Als thou made midelerd and the mone,
And bestes and fowles grete and smale,
Unto me send thi sucore sone,
And dresce my dedes in this dale."

Such were the origins of English Verse, and such the channels through which it flowed until about the middle of the fourteenth century. Poetical in a positive sense it was not, for though it was distinguished for downright manhood, and was not without invention of a certain sort, it was very prolix, and very dull. If the historians of English Literature read it, as some of them claim to do, it is from a sense of duty and not pleasure, for pleasure in reading it is impossible. Contemporary with Langland, the religious satirist, and Minot, the historical balladist, was the first true and the first great poet of England, the Father of English Poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer.

The poetry of Chaucer is the noblest monument of English genius until we come to Shakespeare. His editors help us in tracing it back to some of its affluents, but they do not help us in tracing it back to its original springs. These were not in the books he read, but in his own large and gracious personality. For a man of the world he had read much. Among the Latin poets, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Statius, and among the Latin prose-writers Livy, Macrobius, and Boethius. Among the French poets Guillaume de Lorris, Jean de Meung, Granson, De Deguileville, Machault, and among the Italian poets Dante, Petrarcha, and Boccaccio. His first models were French poets, but from the first he was independent of his models, for while he imitated them, and even translated them, it was with

omissions, and additions, and improvements of his own. He took a great delight in their work, and, wishing his countrymen to share the delight, he made it more beautiful than it was. He was strongly inspired by the Italian poets at a later period, but he never lost his love for French poetry, which charmed him to the last. There is no need here to point out his obligations to this or that writer ; to say that such stanzas in such a poem are a close translation of the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio, that there is a faint echo of the music of the *Teseide* there, and so on. He never paraded his originality,—it was not the fashion of the time,—but gave his readers the best he could, bestowing the property of others as freely as his own. He took whatever he wanted, and whatever he took he made his own. One would like to read his poems in the order in which they were written, but this is impossible, so little known is his literary life. Recent editors have constructed an order of their own, in which, by the way, no two of them agree, and have decided that he is not the author of certain poems which have always been attributed to him. They accomplish this last feat by internal evidence evolved from their inner consciousness. What English versification was in the time of Chaucer has been indicated in the brief extracts from Minot and Langland, and we have but to glance at the balladry of the one and the alliterative rhythm of the other, and then open Chaucer anywhere to see his vast, his immeasurable superiority. He was the Father of English Versification as he was the Father of English Poetry. Five centuries have passed since he created it, and it remains to-day as he left it. Nothing has been taken

from it, and nothing added to it, except the mighty line which Surrey was the first to use in English Verse. He gave us the seven-line stanza, so admirable for narrative purposes, and he gave us the heroic couplet.

Chaucer's seven-line stanza, which is sometimes called rhyme royal, was more popular with his contemporary Gower, and his successors, Lydgate, Occleve, James the First, Henryson, and Dunbar, than the heroic couplet, although the latter was handled with considerable freedom and vigor by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in his Scotch-English translation of the *Æneid*. It was revived in the age of Elizabeth by Spenser, Marlowe, Peele, and others. Marlowe was the first of the Elizabethans to perceive that it was better adapted to rapidity of narrative-movement than the seven-line stanza, and we have in his *Hero and Leander*,—or so much of it as he wrote,—not only a lovely story charmingly told, but a masterly example of the heroic couplet, with all its variety of cadences and artifices of rhetoric. It was used in satire by Hall, Marston, Donne, and Wither; in epigram by Jonson; in pastoral by Browne and Herrick; in amatory reflection by Habington. When Waller and Denham strove to be weighty they wrote heroic couplets. When Marmion, Chamberlayne, and Chalkhill thought they had stories to tell, they tried to tell them in heroic couplets. Dryden abused them and the good sense of his audiences in his rhyming tragedies. Pope polished them to perfection in his social and ethical studies. Churchill laid about him with them as though they were bludgeons. Cowper moralized with them; and the stern singer Crabbe set to their monotonous music the vice and misery of

England's poor. They made the elegant platitudes of Rogers and Campbell appear dignified, and they added stings to the petulant wrath of Byron. The succession of hands through which they passed after leaving the loving heart of Chaucer robbed them of their ease, and strength, and simplicity long before they reached the present century. Browne diluted them with a cloying sweetness; Donne roughened them with discords; Dryden burdened them like pack-horses with his prosaic good sense; and Pope, high-heeled, peruked, laced, taught them the measured movement of the minuet. But there was life in them through all—the English life that old Father Chaucer first breathed into them, and it recovered its freshness and beauty when Hunt, the master, wrote *The Story of Rimini*, and Keats, the scholar, wrote *Endymion* and *Lamia*. Keats in *Lamia* and Marlowe in *Hero and Leander* grasp hands across a gulf of two centuries and a quarter, and, stretching his hands to both, across another gulf of two centuries, stands the serene figure of Chaucer smiling benignantly.

The individuality of Chaucer runs through all his poetry, though it is felt less in what he wrote with his prentice hand than in the *Canterbury Tales*, which he began in his middle life, and left unfinished at his death. His early poems are not interesting to nineteenth century readers, however interesting they may be in a historical survey of English Verse, still the poorest of them are better than the best that were written by Gower, or Lydgate. They are long, but not dull, they run on melodiously, and they occasionally sparkle with felicitous phrases. His touch is less cer-

tain in them than in his later poems. What they lack he discovered when he wrote stories. It was the talent which through poetic sympathy summoned back the illustrious personages of antiquity, as in *The Legend of Good Women* ; it was the genius which through instinctive observation comprehended men, and women, and manners, as in the *Canterbury Tales*. Chaucer's perception of character and his skill in delineating it were marvellous. Dramatist before the drama existed, he was the forerunner of Shakespeare. He was familiar with all ranks and every walk of life,—a broad, adventurous, healthy, sunny spirit, that took the world as he found it. He divined the hidden springs of pathos, and he knew the sources of humor. Chaucer's characters are more than portraits of classes: they are people, real, live, individual. The same blood that ran in their veins runs in ours, and what they were five centuries ago we are to-day. A great poet by virtue of his natural gifts, he was the greatest of narrative poets by virtue of his knowledge of mankind. His range was large, and his sympathies quick. Idealist and realist, nothing was too high or too low for his pencil,—nothing too tragic or too comic. His art was conscious and profound. His details never degenerated into the catalogue manner of the metrical romances, for though abundant, they were always subordinated to the main effect. He attained Style. The general impression left by his poetry is, that it was sung when the world was fresher and fairer than it is now, when man was younger, and healthier, and happier, when the sun was brighter and the moon clearer, when the Spring was longer, the daisies thicker, and the lark sang endlessly

at the gate of heaven,—a world of childhood, and innocence, and love,—the Golden Age. And there imagination loves to picture the poet, grave but genial, with his eyes cast down, dreamy but observant,—a manly, scholarly, courtly, gracious gentleman. It was thus that he appeared to Akenside when he wrote his Inscription for a statue of Chaucer at Woodstock.

“ Such was old Chaucer ; such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform’d
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blythe
He sung : of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life ; through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim’s towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill’s trophies ; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them, if thy heart be cold
To him, this other hero ; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.”

Having traced the progress of English Verse from its religious and historic origins to Chaucer, we have now to indicate the main channels through which it flowed from Chaucer to Burns. This task need not occupy us long, partly because it has been so often and so ably performed by others that no portion of the literary history of England is better known, and partly because it performs itself in this volume. If it be read with the intelligence which such an anthology demands, and which does not necessarily imply scholarship, al-

though it does imply the critical spirit, it will be its own historian. No one can read it without perceiving that English Verse was distinguished by such and such qualities at such and such periods : that certain classes of subjects were present in it, or were absent from it; that its rhythms were not permanent but changeable, discordant combinations of sound slipping into musical cadences, or the reverse ; that it was now pedantic and labored, and now careless and unscholarly ; now abstract, and now personal ; now frigid, and now passionate ; now lyrical, and now dramatic ; now romantic, and now classical ;—there is no occasion to read between the lines to read all this, for it is as clear in the letter as in the spirit.

The period between Chaucer and Wyatt and Surrey was barren of poets but prolific of versifiers. Ritson enumerates between sixty and seventy of the last in the fifteenth century alone. They were of all ranks and professions, the clerical predominating, ranging from monks and priests up through college chaplains and canons to bishops. The laity were represented by an ironmonger, a proctor, an alderman, a courtier, a groom of the royal chamber, a duke, and a king. The staple of their verse was religion, with a little history intermixed, comments upon the Penitential Psalms, ballads on the Virgin, addresses to Christ, Lives of the Saints, moral treatises, and chronicles of England and France. Chaucer's contemporary, Gower, a man of birth and fortune, wrote three long poems, one in French verse, entitled *Speculum Meditantis*, another in Latin elegiac verse, entitled *Vox Clamantis*, and another in English octosyllabic verse entitled *Confessio Amantis*.

Campbell says that his English poetry contains a digest of all that constituted the knowledge of his age ; that his contemporaries greatly esteemed him ; and that the Scottish and English writers of the subsequent period speak of him with unqualified admiration. Gower was prolix where Chaucer was garrulous, and where Chaucer merely nodded he was overcome with slumber. No one cares to awaken the moral Gower: he sleeps the sleep of the just. Lydgate, another contemporary of Chaucer, a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Bury St. Edmunds, was an indefatigable versifier. The names of two hundred and fifty-one of his productions will be found in Ritson. He is best known by *The Storie of Thebes*, founded on the *Thebaid* of Statius and the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, *The Hystory, Sege, and Dystruccion of Troy*, founded on the Latin prose history of Troy by Guido di Colonna, and *The Falls of Princes*, founded on a French version of a Latin treatise by Boccaccio, *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*. As Boccaccio claimed (or Lydgate's printer for him) that his lamentable history went back to the creation of Adam and came down to his own time, the poem into which it burgeoned was naturally a vast one. Occleve, a third contemporary of Chaucer, whom he appears to have known personally, wrote largely upon a variety of topics, his chief work being a poem entitled *De Regimine Principum*. It is a free version of a Latin treatise with that title, and is written in Chaucer's stanza. A specimen of it may not be uninteresting as illustrating the poetic manner of the period, and as showing the estimation in which Chaucer was then held.

“ O maister dere and fader reverent,
 My maister Chaucer ! floure of eloquence,
 Mirroure of fructuous entendement,
 O universal fadir in science,
 Allas ! that thou thyne excellent prudence
 In thy bedde mortel myghtest not bequeathè:
 What eyled Dethe ? allas ! why wold he sle the ?

O Dethe, that didest not harmè singulere
 In slaughtre of hym, but all this lond it smerteth :
 But natheles yit hast thow no powere
 His name to slee ; hys hye vertu asterteth
 Unslayne fro the, whiche ay us lyfly herteth
 With bookès of his ornat endityng,
 This is to alle this lond enlumynyng.”

The stream of English Verse was swollen in the fifteenth century by several rivers of Scottish origin. Barbour, a churchman, who studied at the University of Oxford, and rose to the dignity of Archdeacon of Aberdeen, wrote *The Broite*, a metrical history of Scottish kings, from Brutus and his son Albanac down, *The Bruce*, a metrical history of that famous king and hero, and many *Lives of Saints*. Henry the Minstrel, commonly called Blind Harry, celebrated another Scottish hero in *The Wallace*—a long poem in heroic couplets. Wyntoun, prior of the monastery of St. Serf's Inch, wrote in octosyllabic rhyme an *Original Cronykil of Scotland*, which began with the creation of the world, and came down to the first decade of the fifteenth century. James the First, prisoner of state in England for nearly twenty years, wrote, in rhyme royal, *The King's Quair*, the subject of which was his love for the Lady Joanna Beaufort, whom he first saw walking in the garden below the window of his prison

in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, and whom he married soon afterward. Henryson, a student of the University of Glasgow, and, in later life, a schoolmaster in Dumfermline, wrote *The Testament of Cresseid*, a continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, a translation of *Æsop's Fables*, and *Robin and Makyne*, the earliest known English pastoral. Dunbar, a student of the University of St. Andrews, a Franciscan novitiate, and, later, Court poet, wrote *The Lament for the Makars*, *The Thistle and the Rose*, *The Golden Targe*, *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, *The Two Married Women and the Widow*, *The Devil's Inquest*, *A Winter's Walk*, and *The Merle and the Nightingale*. Douglas, scholar and prelate, wrote *The Palice of Honour*, *Kind Hart*, and made a translation of the *Æneid*, which Craik says was the first English version of any ancient classic that had yet appeared in either kingdom. Campbell considers this group of Scottish versifiers superior on the whole, in originality and spirit, to their English contemporaries, though their style was, for the most part, cast in a worse taste. "The prevailing fault of English diction, in the fifteenth century," he says, "is redundant ornament, and an affectation of anglicising Latin words. In this pedantry and use of '*aureate terms*,' the Scottish versifiers went even beyond their brethren of the south. Some exceptions to this remark, I am aware, may be found in Dunbar, who sometimes exhibits simplicity and lyrical terseness; but even *his* style has frequent deformities of quaintness, false ornament, and alliteration. The best of them, when they meant to be most eloquent, tore up roots from the Latin, which never took root in the lan-

guage, like children making a mock garden with flowers and branches stuck in the ground, which speedily wither."

Following the stream of English Verse we have seen that it was distinguished so far by two main currents—religion and history. As we proceed we shall see them still, no longer flowing side by side, with the same speed, but now rising and now falling, and now blending with other currents of equal if not superior volume. The historical current, which reached its height in Lydgate, and slowly ebbed through the Scottish disciples of Chaucer, rose again in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. There was a similar movement in the allegorical current in these Scottish poets. It rose and sank in James the First, and Dunbar, and Douglas, and rose again in England in *The Pastime of Pleasure*. Lydgate was the intellectual father of Sackville, and Chaucer, through his Scottish descendants, and through Hawes, was the intellectual father of Spenser. Another current, which we have not noted, and which was strong in Langland—the satirical current—meandered lazily along until it reached Skelton, when it broke into a cascade of doggerel scurrility, directed against the clergy in general, and Cardinal Wolsey in particular. There is a quality in Skelton, which, if it existed before his day, was not felt before he struck it—the lyrical quality, of which we soon have an abundance. The stream of English Verse received a new affluent from Wyatt and Surrey—the affluent of personality, and a new metrical form—the sonnet.

Like Chaucer before them, Wyatt and Surrey drew much of their inspiration from Italian poetry, but, un-

like Chaucer, they drew it from the amatory sonnets of Petrarcha. That neither the spirit nor the form of these compositions should have impressed Chaucer and his successors is somewhat singular when one stops to consider the extent of their obligations to the Italian poets. But so it was. There is no trace of the amatory spirit and no trace of the sonnet form in English Verse until both were introduced by Wyatt and Surrey. The new current was an important one, though neither was poet enough to know it, or to impart force to it. If they felt, they failed to make their readers feel, and they failed to master the instrument with which they sought to reach them. Their handling of the sonnet was clumsy, as, indeed, was the handling of most of their successors. Sidney could, and did, write the Italian sonnet, and so could, and did, Drummond, and Milton, and one or two others, perhaps ; but the majority of English sonneteers did not write it, if they could. They wrote poems the length of which was just fourteen lines, quatorzains, and rhymed them as they pleased, or as they could. The sonnets of Shakespeare, for example, consisted simply of three quatrains of alternate rhymes and a couplet. The form of Spenser was peculiar to himself, although it did not originate with him, but probably with James the Sixth in his poetic nonage (1581) in *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*. Beginning with Wyatt and Surrey, and practically ending with Milton, the sonnet may be said to have flourished a little more than a century, and about half that time as a form of amatory expression. It was courtly and impassioned in Sidney, tender and pretty in Daniel, sensible but dull in Drayton, plaintive

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and sweet in Drummond, affectionate but mysterious in Shakespeare, and grave and epical in Milton. Wyatt and Surrey will always be remembered as the fathers of English sonnetry. But Surrey has a stronger claim to distinction than attaches to that immature paternity, for he was the creator of English blank verse. That he did not perceive its capacity, but constructed it as he would have constructed the heroic couplet, without rhymes, is true. But neither did his contemporaries perceive its capacity. Grimoald, who employed it during the first decade after his death, and Sackville, who employed it during the first half of the second decade, and Gascoigne, who employed it at the close of the third decade, constructed it upon the lines that Surrey had laid down. Sackville discovered its use when, with Norton, he wrote the first English tragedy, *Gorbuduc*, but unfortunately he did not learn how to use it. That glorious discovery was made by Marlowe, who abandoned the jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits for its high astounding terms. His line was mighty. It was mightier with Shakespeare, in whose hands it sustained the stress of every passion that his genius could impose upon it, and mightiest with Milton, who alone raised it to epical heights. Had Surrey not created blank verse we could not have had *Lear* and *Paradise Lost*. But other forces than the dramatic current were flowing steadily along in the great stream of English Verse, and among them was the historic current, which, setting, as in the earlier poets, from the legendary antiquity of Britain, reached the era of Elizabeth in a long and swelling wave. Projected by Sackville about two years after the publication of the poems

of Wyatt and Surrey, and carried on by a band of poets, *The Mirror for Magistrates* rose from dulness to dignity in the year before Shakespeare was born, when Sackville contributed the Induction, and *The Complaint of Henry the Duke of Buckingham*. Of the former Hallam says: "The Induction displays best his poetical genius; it is, like much earlier poetry, a representation of allegorical personages, but with a fertility of imagination, vividness of description, and strength of language, which not only leave his predecessors far behind, but may fairly be compared with some of the most poetical passages in Spenser. Sackville's Induction forms a link which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the *Fairy Queen*." *The Mirror for Magistrates* was an important book, for it not only impressed Spenser when he wrote the *Fairy Queen*, but it impressed Daniel when he wrote the *Complaint of Rosamund*, and the *History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, and Drayton when he wrote the *Legends of Robert, Duke of Normandy, Matilda the Fair, Pierce Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and the Barons' Wars, and England's Heroical Epistles*. Nor did its importance end here, for it may possibly, as Campbell intimates, have suggested to Shakespeare the idea of his historical plays. Closely related to, if not inspired by, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, was Warner's *Albion's England*, the earliest portion of which appeared about ten years before Daniel's *Civil Wars*, and distantly related to it—at least in a topographical sense—was Drayton's *Polyolbion*, which appeared about fifteen years after his *Heroical Epistles*.

Three currents still remain to be traced in the ever-broadening stream of English Verse,—the satirical current, the religious current, and the lyrical current. Of the first it may be observed here, that, while it has never at any time fulfilled any definition which recognizes poetry as the highest ideal yet attained by the imagination of man, it was in the beginning an honest, if not an imperative, exercise of the poetical faculty, springing, in the case of a man like Langland, out of the time in which he lived. At a later period the satirist wrote to show how clever he was, how superior, and what a lofty standard of morals he maintained. Other men—other poets—were as blind as moles: he had the eye of the eagle. Other poets submitted tamely to the things which were: he would go up and down, and lash those things with a whip of scorpions. It was an arrogant assumption on his part, and it effected nothing which the sober second-thought of mankind would not speedily have effected. The dunces of Pope's day would have perished, even if he had not written *The Dunciad*. The cascade of Skelton's doggerel whirled on awhile and subsided into the rough rhythm of the Elizabethan couplet. Hall claimed to be the first English satirist, but his claim cannot be allowed. Gascoigne published his *Steel Glass* when Hall was a babe in arms, or, to speak with more exactness, twenty-one years before the first three books of his *Toothless Satyrs* saw the light; and though they were not published until later, there is proof that some of the satires of Donne were written earlier than that production. And Lodge preceded him four years in his *Fig for Momus*. But if Hall was not the first, he was cer-

tainly the founder of the line of English satirists, which, beginning in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, continued through the reigns of James and Charles the First, the chasm of the Commonwealth, and the reigns of William and Anne, and ended in the reign of George the Third. The satirical productions of Hall, which consist of the three books of Toothless Satyrs already mentioned, and three additional books of Byting Satyrs, have little to recommend them to the modern reader of English Verse, for they are disfigured with affected expressions, archaic phrases, and a curious obscurity of thought. Resolute in intention, and merciless in execution, his energy never flags, and his invectives never give out. The virtue with which he plies the lash, and which gives him such a savage delight, is a vice in disguise. His hatred of vice is more monstrous than vice itself. So thought the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, the censors of the press, who forthwith ordered that the satires should be burnt—a fate which also befell the satires of Marston, Marlowe's Ovid, the epigrams of Davies, and other loose publications which these censorious prelates did not approve of. They also ordered that no more satires and epigrams should be printed. Their occupations gone, our young English Juvenals betook themselves to other occupations—Hall to the Church, in which he rose to be successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, as well as a shining light in divinity, and Marston to the stage, for which he wrote eight comedies that are full of satiric power. He was dramatist enough to excite the enmity of Jonson, who told Drummond that he had fought several times with Marston, whose comedies were written

by his father-in-law, while he wrote his father-in-law's sermons. Passing over Jonson, the character of whose dramatic work was largely satirical, we come to Wither, who found as little favor with the great in the reign of James as Marston and Hall in the reign of Elizabeth, and who was locked up in the Marshalsea for daring to think that the great wanted Abuses Stript and Whipt. We are inclined to pity young Master Wither until we recollect that it is to this imprisonment we owe *The Shepherd's Hunting*, which contains, Campbell thinks, the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen. Other satirists of the seventeenth century were Butler (if that inexhaustible mine of wit, *Hudibras*, may be called a satire); Marvell, assistant of Milton, when that great poet was Cromwell's Latin Secretary, and after the Restoration Member of Parliament for Hull; Oldham, son of a nonconformist minister, usher of a free school, and, later, one of the wits at Will's Coffee-house; and, last, Dryden, whose large mind and vigorous common-sense made satire powerful, if they could not make it poetical. The line which began with Hall and Marston, ended with Pope and Churchill—with Pope, in whose little hand satire was the keenest of rapiers, and Churchill, in whose big fist it was the stoutest of oaken cudgels. Further than the genius of Pope and Dryden carried satire, it could not go in English Verse. It was life and manners; it was the strife of sects and parties; it was history. But it was not poetry.

The religious current in English Verse was steady rather than strong in the last half of the sixteenth

and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. It was not always easy to distinguish it from the currents with which it was flowing, and which were colored with the same national qualities—the gravity which colored the historic current in Sackville, the morality which colored the satiric current in Gascoigne, and so on. It reflected the English character, which from the beginning was serious, and was as marked in the writers of occasional verses as in the poets. The anthologies of the period from Tottel's to Davison's are largely didactic. We find a little rivulet from it at Wilton in the spring of 1580, whither Sidney had lately come from Court, having lost the favor of Elizabeth for writing against the project of her marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and where his sister Mary had become the mother of Shakespeare's Pembroke. A loving and noble pair, they worked together during the summer in the princely gardens at Wilton on a translation of the Psalms, and when they had finished it Sidney amused his sister by writing the *Arcadia* for her, most of it in her presence, upon loose sheets of paper. Shortly before this time Guillaume de Saluste, a French Huguenot noble, wrote a religious poem entitled, *La Sepmaine, ou Création du Monde*, which so hit the taste of his countrymen that it went through thirty editions in six years, and was translated into Latin, Italian, German, and English. The fame of du Bartas attracted the attention of the royal young pedant, James the Sixth, who five years later than the Arcadian summer of the Sidneys published his *Essays* of a Prentise, wherein figured his Scotch-English version of *L'Uranie* of “the divine and illuster poete,

Salust du Bartas." His determination to be a poet lasted until death with the British Solomon, for he was in hand with a translation of the Psalms when God called him to sing Psalms with the angels. This royal version, which was stayed in the one and thirtieth Psalm, was finished by William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, and published in 1631. Five years before the close of the sixteenth century Spenser returned to London from his Irish estate, partly to visit his friends, and partly to bring out the last three books of the *Fairy Queen*. They were published during the following year, as were also his *Hymns of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*,—pearls of Platonic thought, still lucent in the sacred stream of English Verse. It was nearly choked up two years later by the merchant-adventurer Sylvester, who deposited therein his leaden translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the interminable du Bartas. He was followed by Davies, student of Oxford, and lawyer, who in the second of the two elegies of which his *Nosce Teipsum* was composed expounded the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof.

Giles Fletcher, a scholar of Trinity College, and a cousin of Fletcher, the dramatist, led the sacred choir of seventeenth century poets with *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death* (1610), a long allegorical poem in the manner of Spenser. Quarles, an Essex man, educated at Christ's College, and at Lincoln's Inn, poured forth volumes of Biblical metre, of an earthy nature, in *A Feast for Worms in a Poem on the History of Jonah* (1620); *Hadassa, or the History of Queen Esther* (1621); *Job*

Militant, with Meditations Divine and Moral, and Sion's Elegies, wept by Jeremie the Prophet (1624); and Sion's Sonnets, sung by Solomon the King, and Paraphrased (1625). The pensive Drummond struck a divine note in the year that Shakespeare died in his Poems (1616), and in the year that Shakespeare's fellows published the First Folio (1623) he gathered a nosegay of Flowres of Sion. Herbert of Bemerton, the darling of the heavenly Muses, came next in The Temple (1631); then Wither, whilom satirist, hunter with shepherds, and worshipper of ideal virtue, with his translation of the Psalms (1632); then Sandys, son of the Archbishop of York, and translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with his Paraphrase of the Psalms (1636); and then Crashaw, a Fellow of Peterhouse, who was expelled from Cambridge for refusing to subscribe the Covenant, and became a Catholic, and who followed Herbert, *longo intervallo*, in his Steps to the Temple (1646). Other poets to whom Siloa's brook was a source of inspiration at this period were Drayton, who wrote the Harmony of the Church, containing the Spiritual Songs and Holy Hymns of Godly Men, Patriarchs and Prophets, all sweetly sounding to the Glory of the Highest; Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of Beaumont, the dramatist, who wrote the Crown of Thorns; Donne, who wrote Sacred Sonnets, probably after James had made him Dean of St. Paul's; Cowley, who wrote the Davideis; Habington, who spiritualized the third edition of his Castara with twenty-two sacred poems; and King, Bishop of Chichester, and Vaughan, the Silurist, who were both touched to fine issues by the devotional spirit of the

time. But a greater than these—the son of a prosperous scrivener, a scholar of St. Paul's, and a Bachelor of Arts at Christ's College, Cambridge—had already surpassed all these poets in sacred song, and was at last to surpass all poets with a Divine Epic.

Milton had just completed his twenty-first year, when, in December, 1629, he wrote his hymn On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, which was followed on the 1st of January, 1630, by his ode on The Circumcision, and at Easter by an unfinished poem on The Passion. He remained at the University seven years, and, quitting it Master of Arts in the summer of 1632, went to the little rural village of Horton, not far from Windsor Castle, whither his father had removed on his retirement from business, and devoted the next six years to study and meditation. He strictly meditated the Muse, and she was not thankless, for she crystallized the morning dew of his genius into those exquisite jewels in the ears of antiquity, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; she directed him in the graver walks of the drama while he wrote that noblest of all English masques, *Comus*; and she strengthened and solemnized his strain in that incomparable monody, *Lycidas*. In his thirtieth year he made a pilgrimage to Italy, as was the fashion with young English gentlemen of the time, and, travelling slowly by land and water, visited some of its famous cities and famous men—among the latter Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend and biographer of Tasso, whom he met at Naples, and the blind Galileo, with whom he spoke at his country house near Florence. But this happy, poetic life was not to last. For if the English poets had long shown an aptitude

for writing history, the English people had long shown an aptitude for making history, and they were now making it in a new direction. We find him after his return to England living for a time in lodgings in St. Bride's Church-yard, where he taught Edward and John Phillips, the sons of his dead sister Anne, and where he still meditated the Muse. He sketched out the plans of several sacred dramas, one on Sodom, another on The Deluge, another on The Redemption of Isaac, and—greatest of all—another on the Fall of Man, which had not yet assumed epical proportions. How and what he made history we know, and we know how and what history made him, changing the heavenly poet into the earthly politician, the exquisite scholar into the scurrilous controversialist, and those eyes that wont to out-watch the Bear and unsphere the spirit of Plato into blind, sightless orbs! He sank with the Commonwealth, but, unlike the Commonwealth, he sank to rise again. The greatness of the man was conspicuous in his blindness, for though he was fallen on evil days and evil tongues, he was unchanged, and though he was in solitude he was not alone. Urania visited his slumbers nightly, and governed his song, and found an audience—fit audience, though few. The Spirit of Heavenly Song attained its greatest height with *Paradise Lost* in 1667, and, slowly wheeling through the firmament of English Verse, began to descend in 1671 with *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. It reached the lowest deep in the next half century in the *Psalms* and *Hymns* of Watts.

The movement of the lyrical current in English Verse, at whatever period it may have entered it, and

whatever may have been its origin, demanded recognition in the last half of the sixteenth century. Perceptible beside the sonnet movement of Wyatt, Surrey, and others in Tottel's Miscellany, it was noticeable among the sonnets of Sidney, and marked in the poetic work of his contemporaries. If it had not been supplied at this period by the law which governs the intellectual development of peoples, it would have been supplied at this period by the social condition of the English people, which clamored for musical expression. The age of Elizabeth was musical beyond any that preceded or succeeded it. "Nobody could then pretend to a liberal education who had not made such a progress in Musick as to be able to sing his part at sight; and it was usual when ladies and gentlemen met, for Madrigal books to be laid before them, and every one to sing their part." Not to be able to sing was to be looked upon with wonder, if not disfavor, the accomplishment was so universal. No reader of English Verse need be told that every Elizabethan poet of note except Spenser was a writer of lyrics. The lyric element was as active then as the dramatic element, and when the dramatic element exhausted its energies the lyric dwindled, peaked, and pined. How dominant the reign of the Lyric was in English Verse Dr. Rimbault has shown us in his *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*. It lasted fifty years (1588-1638), and produced ninety-two separate collections of Madrigals, Ballets, Ayres, Canzonets, Roundelays, Catches, Glees, Pastorals, and the music to which they were wedded—the whole amounting to upward of two thousand different pieces! This *corpus poetarum* was not selected, as one

might suppose, from the great names of the time, for though the lines of Shakespeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Sidney, Drayton, Sylvester, Nash, and others may occasionally be recognized, the names of the writers, except in a few instances, are entirely unknown. It is a pity, for some of them were poets. The majority probably wrote at the request of their friends,—practitioners in the art of music, bachelors of music, gentlemen of Her Majesty's honorable chapel, organists, lutenists, and what not, the minority writing to order for Byrd, Morley, Dowland, Wilbye, Weelkes, Este, Alison, Farmer, Campion, and other popular composers. The Lyric Literature of England is distinguished for its extent, and its excellence. Everything that lyric poetry can be it is. It is simple and artless; it is studied and artful. It is the wild note of a bird in bush or brake; it is the trained voice in a choir. The shepherd sings as he unpens his flock: the ploughman sings as he urges on his steer: the milkmaid sings as she sits with her pail beside the full-uddered kine. Lads and lasses warble roundelays as they dance around the Maypole. Roysterers troll catches as they drain their cups of Sack or Sherris. My lady trills a canzonet as she touches the virginals in her chamber, and my lord without hums a hunting-chorus as he strolls toward his stables. What Dr. Johnson said of his fellows at Pembroke College a century and a half later was true of the Elizabethan poets—they were a nest of singing birds. They put their souls into their songs as never poets before or since, and they enriched them with every poetic quality—with simplicity and freshness, sweetness and tender-

ness, humor and pathos, the happy secrets of love and the pensive suggestions of melancholy—all thoughts, all feelings, all emotions—whatever is written in the red-leaved tablets of the heart, or the book and volume of the brain. Shakespeare was superior to all the poets of his time in lyrical writing, as he was superior to them in dramatic writing, but not so much so in the former as the latter, for Lodge, and Breton, and Jonson approached him in the lyric in his own generation, and in the next generation Beaumont and Fletcher were abreast with him, albeit upon a somewhat lower plane. There is a dramatic quality in the lyrics of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher which is not to be found in those of their brother dramatists, though there are indications of it in Ford and Webster, and a marked example of it in Shirley. The seventeenth century lyric was elegant and poetic in the hands of Carew, courtly and witty in the hands of Suckling, *naïf* and joyous in the hands of Herrick, and nobly impassioned in the hands of Lovelace. Darling of the light-hearted Cavaliers, it flaunted before the eyes of Oliver and his Roundheads, and when they assembled in their conventicles to snuffle psalms through the nose it drank confusion to them amid the clinking of tavern-glasses. "God send this Crum well down!" It survived the Commonwealth, which destroyed so much; it even survived the Restoration, which destroyed so much more—the Restoration which turned the grandest drama in the world into opera, the blank verse of Shakespeare into the rhyming couplets of Dryden, and the nobles of England into the boon companions of a dissolute king. All this the lyric survived; for

though its jubilant tones were hushed, it was still a voice in English Verse—a clear, sweet voice in Sedley, a low, plaintive voice in Rochester, a womanly voice in Aphra Behn. An immortal Voice, for when, slumbering and murmuring in its dreams, it awoke at last in the next century, it was with a start and a cry—a sweet, wild cry, a deep, loud shout—the long triumphant song of the Master Singer—Burns.

Such, in brief, is the history of English Verse from its first great story-teller to its first great song-writer—from Chaucer to Burns.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE CENTURY,

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CHAUCER TO BURNS

1400-1800.

OF POESY.

HER divine skill taught me this :
That from every thing I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;

.
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss !
I will cherish thee for this :
POESY ! thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent !

WITHER.

—From *The Shepherd's Hunting*.

Chaucer to Burns.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

Born 1340?—died 1400.

HIS GOOD COUNSEL.

Flee from the press and dwell with soothfastness !
Suffice thee thy good though it be small !
For hoarding hath hate, and climbing tickleness ;
Press hath envÿ, and weal is blent over all.
Savour no more than thee behovè shall !
Rede well thyself, that other folk canst rede !
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

Painè thee not each crooked to redress,
In trust of her that turneth as a ball !
Great rest standeth in little business :
Beware also to spurn against a nall !
Strive not as doth a crockè with a wall !
Deemè thyself, that deemest other's deed !
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness !
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness :
Forth, pilgrim ! forth, beast ! out of thy stall.
Look up on high, and thankè God of all !
Weivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lead !
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.

*THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER UNTO HIS
EMPTY PURSE.*

I.

To you, my Purse ! and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my Lady dear :
I am so sorry now that ye be light,
For certes, but ye make me heavy cheer
Me were as lief be laid upon a bier.
For which unto your mercy thus I cry :
Be heavy again, or ellis mote I die !

II.

Now vouchèsafe this day, or yet be night,
That I of you the blissful sound may hear ;
Or see your colour, like the sunnè bright,
That of yellowness haddè never peer
Ye be my life, ye be mine heartès sterc,
Queen of comfort and of good company :
Be heavy again, or ellis mote I die !

III.

Now, Purse ! that be to me my life's light,
And saviour as down in this world here,
Out of this town helpè me through your might,
Since that ye will not be my treasurer !
For I am shave as nigh as any frere.
But I pray you unto your courtesy,
Be heavy again, or ellis mote I die !

The Envoy of Chaucer to the King.

O conqueror of Brutus' Albion !
Which that by line and free election
Been very king, this song to you I send ;
And ye that mowen all mine harm amend,
Have mind upon my supplication !

ROBERT HENRYSON.

1425 ?—1480—1500.

THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

Would my good Lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should ane garment goodliest
Gar mak' her body till.

Of high honour should be her hood
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance so good
No deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be, her body next,
Of chastity so white ;
With shame and dread together mix'd,
The same should be perfyt.

Her kirtle should be of clear constance,
Lasit with lesum love,
The maillies of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown,
Purfill'd with pleasure in ilk place,
Furred with fine fashiøn.

Her belt should be of benignity
About her middle meet ;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole baith wind and wet.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth ;
Her patelet of good pansing,
Her hats-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
 To keep her from despair ;
 Her gloves of the good governance,
 To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoon should be of sickness,
 In sign that she nought slide ;
 Her hose of honesty, I guess,
 I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
 I durst swear by my seill,
 That she wore never green nor gray
 That set her half so weil.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

1456?—1513-20?

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

If ye would love and lovèd be,
 In mind keep well these thingis three,
 And sadly in thy breast imprent,—
 Be secret, true, and patiènt !

For he that patience can not leir,
 He shall displeasance have perquier,
 Though he had all this worldis rent :
 Be secret, true, and patiènt !

For who that secret can not be,
 Him all good fellowship shall flee,
 And credence none shall him be lent :
 Be secret, true, and patiènt !

And he that is of heart untrue,
 From he be ken'd, farewell ! adieu !
 Fie on him ! fie ! his fame is went :
 Be secret, true, and patiènt !

Thus he that wants ane of these three
Ane lover glad may never be,
But aye in some thing discontent :
Be secret, true, and patiënt !

Nought with thy tongue thyself discure
The thingis thou hast of nature ;
For if thou dost, thou should repent :
Be secret, true, and patiënt !

TO A LADY.

Sweet Rose of virtue and of gentleness !
Delightsome Lily of every lustiness !
Richest in bounty and in beauty clear
And every virtue that to heaven is dear,
Except only that ye are merciless !

Into your garth this day I did pursue :
There saw I flowers that fresh were of hue,
Both white and red most lusty were to seen,
And wholesome herbis upon stalkis green ;
Yet leaf nor flower find could I none of Rue.

I doubt that March, with his cold blastis keen,
Has slain this gentle herb that I of mene :
Whose piteous death does to my heart such pain
That I would make to plant his root again,
So comforting his leaves unto me been.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

1503—1542.

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay, say nay, for shame !
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart ?
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee ?
Alas, thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
Say nay ! say nay !

DISDAIN ME NOT !

Disdain me not without desert !
Nor leave me not so suddenly !
Since well ye wot that in my hert
I mean ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why !
Forethink me not, to be unjust !
Since that by lot of fantasy
This careful knot needs knit I must.

Mistrust me not ! though some there be
That fain would spot my steadfastness.
Believe them not ! since that ye see
The proof is not as they express.

Forsake me not till I deserve !
Nor hate me not till I offend !
Destroy me not till that I swerve,
But since ye know what I intend !

Disdain me not that am your own !
Refuse me not that am so true !
Mistrust me not till all be known !
Forsake me not, ne for no new !

YEA OR NAY.

Madam ! Withouten many words,—
Once I am sure you will, or no :
And if you will, then leave your boordes
And use your wit and show it so !

For with a beck you shall me call ;
And if of One that burns alway
Ye have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with Yea or Nay !

If it be Yea, I shall be fain ;
If it be Nay, friends as before,
You shall another man obtain,
And I, mine own, be yours no more.

COMPLAINING OF HER UNKINDNESS.

My Lute ! awake ! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun :
And when this song is sung and past,
My Lute ! be still : for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon :

Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?
No, no, my Lute ! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As She my suit and affection,
So that I am past remedy :
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love his shot,
By whom, Unkind ! thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his vow forgot,
Although my Lute and I have done !

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain :
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers' plain,
Although my Lute and I have done !

May chance thee lie, wither'd and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the Moon :
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list ! for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon :
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent ;
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my Lute ! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past :
My Lute ! be still, for I have done.

HENRY HOWARD.

(EARL SURREY.) 1517—1547.

HIS LADY'S BEAUTY.


Give place, ye Lovers ! here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain :
My Lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
Than doth the sun the candle-light
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelopè the fair :
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands how she did cry ;
And what she said : I know it, ay !

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart :
And this was chiefly all her pain,—
“ She could not make the like again.”

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought



Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

Wherein each thing renews save only the Lover.

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale,—
Summer is come, for every spray now springs ;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes float with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she slings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flowers smale ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worne that was the flowers' bale :
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY.

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen ;
In presence press'd of people, mad or wise ;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey ;
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell ;
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good :
Hers will I be ; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX.

1511—1562.

OF A CONTENTED SPIRIT.

When all is done and said, in the end this shall you find :
 He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a quiet mind ;
 And, clear from worldly cares, to dream can be content
 The sweetest time in all this life in thinking to be spent.

The body subject is to fickle Fortune's power,
 And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour ;
 And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay :
 Whenas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

Companion none is like unto the mind alone, [or none :
 For many have been harm'd by speech,—through thinking few,
 Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to
 cease ;

And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave ;
 But virtues of the mind unto the heavens with us we have :
 Wherefore, for Virtue's sake, I can be well content
 The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent.

NICOLAS GRIMOALD.

1519 ?—1563 ?

A TRUE LOVE.

What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
 What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true Love is to me ;
 As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed,
 As morning bright with scarlet sky doth pass the evening's weed,
 As mellow pears above the crabs esteemed be,
 So doth my Love surmount them all whom yet I hap to see.
 The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion fray,
 The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
 Or I my Love let slip out of mine entire heart :

So deep reposèd in my breast is She for her desert.
 For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land !
 Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to stand ;
 Yet, land ! more is thy bliss that in this cruel age
 A Venus imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so sage.
 Among the Muses nine a tenth if Jove would make,
 And to the Graces three a fourth, Her would Apollo take.
 Let some for honour hunt, or hoard the massy gold :
 With Her so I may live and die, my weal can not be told.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

1505 ?—1570—80.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

Give place, you Ladies ! and begone ;
 Boast not yourselves at all !
 For here at hand approacheth One
 Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone ;
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
 Smileth a naked boy :
 It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
 Where She her shape did take ;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.

She may be very well compared
 Unto the Phœnix kind,
 Whose like was never seen or heard
 That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelopè ;
In word and eke in deed steadfast :
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More readier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mix'd with shamefacedness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly She doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days
As doth the gillyflower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree ?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give :
 When Death doth what he can,
 Her honest fame shall ever live
 Within the mouth of man.

JOHN HARINGTON.

1520?—1565?

THE HEART OF STONE.

Whence comes my love ? O heart ! disclose !
 'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose,
 From lips that spoil the rubies' praise,
 From eyes that mock the diamonds' blaze.
 Whence comes my woe ? As freely own,
 Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 The lips befitting words most kind,
 The eyes do tempt to love's desire
 And seem to say—'Tis Cupid's fire :
 Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
 Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus my love so kind bespeak
 Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek ;
 Yet not a heart to ease my pain ?
 O Venus ! take thy gifts again :
 Make not so fair to cause our moan,
 Or make a heart that's like our own !

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

1535-7?—1577.

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At Beauty's Bar as I did stand,
 When False Suspect accusèd me,
 George ! quoth the Judge,—hold up thy hand !
 Thou art arraign'd of flattery :

Tell therefore how thou wilt be tried !
Whose judgment here wilt thou abide ?

My Lord ! quoth I,—this Lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt if any were :
Wherefore her doom shall please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both
To try me, guiltless by mine oath !

Quoth Beauty—No ! it fitteth not
A Prince herself to judge the cause :
Will is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws.
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so !

Then Craft, the crier, call'd a quest,
Of whom was Falsehood foremost fere ;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear :
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said I should be truss'd.

Jealous, the gaoler, bound me fast
To hear the verdict of the bill
George ! quoth the Judge,—now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to heavy hill
And there be hang'd all by the head :
God rest thy soul when thou art dead !

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before Dame Beauty's face,
And cried—Good Lady ! pardon me
Which here appeal unto your grace :
You know, if I appear untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this judge do make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,

Yet let your pity first be placed
 To save the man that meant you good!
 So shall you show yourself a Queen,
 And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth Beauty—Well! because I guess
 What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
 Although thy faults deserve no less
 Than Justice here hath judgèd thee,
 Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
 And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yes, Madam! quoth I,—that I shall:
 Lo, Faith and Truth my sureties!
 Why then, quoth She,—come when I call;
 I ask no better warranties.
 Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,
 At her command when she doth call.

BARNABE GOOGE.

1540?—1594.

TO THE TUNE OF APELLES.

The rushing rivers that do run,
 The vallies sweet adornèd new
 That lean their sides against the sun,
 With flowers fresh of sundry hue,
 Both ash and elm, and oak so high,
 Do all lament my woeful cry.

While winter black with hideous storms
 Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
 While spring-time sweet the leaf returns
 That late on tree could not be seen,
 While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
 Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
 But endless torment I sustain,

Since first, alas ! my woeful heart
By sight of thee was forced to plain,—
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou madest a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought ;
Once reason ruled and guided me,
And now is wit consumed with thought ;
Once I rejoiced above the sky,
And now for thee, alas ! I die.

Once I rejoiced in company,
And now my chief and whole delight
Is from my friends away to fly
And keep alone my wearied sprite.
Thy face divine and my desire
From flesh have me transform'd to fire.

O Nature ! thou that first didst frame
My Lady's hair of purest gold,
Her eyes of crystal to the same,
Her lips of precious rubies' mould,
Her neck of alabaster white,—
Surmounting far each other wight :

Why didst thou not that time devise,
Why didst thou not foresee, before
The mischief that thereof doth rise
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone
And not of flint and marble stone ?

O Lady ! show thy favour yet :
Let not thy servant die for thee !
Where Rigour ruled let Mercy sit !
Let Pity conquer Cruelty !
Let not Disdain, a fiend of hell,
Possess the place where Grace should dwell !

EDWARD VERE.

(EARL OF OXFORD.) 1541—1604.

FAIR FOOLS.

If women could be fair and yet not fond,
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
 I would not marvel that they make men bond
 By service long to purchase their good will :
 But when I see how frail these creatures are,
 I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
 How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan ;
 Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
 These gentle birds that fly from man to man :
 Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
 And let them fly, fair fools ! which way they list ?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
 To pass the time when nothing else can please ;
 And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
 Till weary of their wiles ourselves we ease :
 And then we say, when we their fancy try,
 To play with fools O what a fool was I !

NICHOLAS BRETON.

1542-52 ?—1626.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

In the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 With a troop of damsels playing
 Forth I yode, forsooth ! a-maying.
 When anon, by a wood side
 Where that May was in his pride,
 I espièd all alone
 Phillida and Coridon.

Much ado there was, God wot :
 He would love, and she would not.
 She said—Never man was true ;
 He says—None was false to you ;
 He said—He had loved her long ;
 She says—Love should have no wrong ;
 Coridon would kiss her then ;
 She says—Maids must kiss no men
 Till they do for good and all ;
 Then she made the Shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth—
 Never loved a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse,
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gay
 Was made the Lady of the May.

A SWEET LULLABY.

Come, little Babe ! come, silly soul !
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief :
 Born, as I doubt, to all our dole,
 And to thyself unhappy chief.
 Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
 Poor soul that thinks no creature harm !

 Thou little think'st and less dost know
 The cause of all thy mother's moan ;
 Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
 And I myself am all alone.
 Why dost thou weep ? why dost thou wail ?
 And know'st not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch ! ah, silly heart !

Mine only joy ! what can I more ?

If there be any wrong, thy smart,

That may the destinies implore,—

'Twas I, I say, against my will ;

I wail the time, but be thou still !

And dost thou smile ? O thy sweet face !

Would God himself he might thee see :

No doubt thou would'st soon purchase grace,

I know right well, for thee and me.

But come to Mother, Babe ! and play :

For father false is fled away.

Sweet Boy ! if it by fortune chance

Thy father home again to send,

If death do strike me with his lance,

Yet may'st thou me to him commend :

If any ask thy mother's name,

Tell how by love she purchased blame !

Then will his gentle heart soon yield :

I know him of a noble mind ;

Although a lion in the field,

A lamb in town thou shalt him find.

Ask blessing, Babe ! be not afraid :

His sugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then may'st thou joy and be right glad ;

Although in woe I seem to moan,

Thy father is no rascal lad,

A noble youth of blood and bone :

His glancing looks, if he once smile,

Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little Boy ! and rock a-sleep ;

Sing lullaby, and be thou still !

I, that can do nought else but weep,

Will sit by thee, and wait my fill.

God bless my babe, and lullaby !
From this thy father's quality.

PASTORAL.

Good Muse ! rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony :
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet Love ! begone awhile :
Thou know'st my heaviness :
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock
And in the valley die !

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty color leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The blackbird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas ! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour ;
And Phillida, the fair, hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit
That how to hope upon delights,
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet Muse !
Thou know'st what help is best :
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest !

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end !

HER EYES.

Pretty twinkling starry eyes !
How did Nature first devise
Such a sparkling in your sight
As to give Love such delight.
As to make him like a fly
Play with looks until he die ?

Sure ye were not made at first
For such mischief to be cursed
As to kill affection's care,
That doth only truth declare :
Where worth's wonders never wither
Love and Beauty live together.

Blessed eyes ! then give your blessing,
That in passion's best expressing
Love, that only lives to grace ye,
May not suffer pride deface ye ;
But in gentle thoughts' directions
Show the praise of your perfections !

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1618.

THE LIE.

Go, Soul ! the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant !
Fear not to touch the Best !
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go ! since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie !

Say to the Court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood !
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good !
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie !

Tell Potentates they live
Acting by others' action !
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their faction.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie !

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate !
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie !

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending !
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie !

Tell Zeal it wants devotion !
Tell Love it is but lust !
Tell Time it is but motion !
Tell Flesh it is but dust !
And wish them not reply :
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth !
Tell Honour how it alters !
Tell Beauty how she blasteth !
Tell Favour how it falters !
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie !

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness !
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness !
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie !

Tell Physic of her boldness !
Tell Skill, it is pretension !
Tell Charity of coldness !
Tell Law, it is contention !
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie !

Tell Fortune of her blindness !
Tell Nature of decay !
Tell Friendship of unkindness !
Tell Justice of delay !
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie !

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming !

Tell Schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming !
 If Arts and Schools reply
 Give Arts and Schools the lie !

Tell Faith, it's fled the City !
 Tell how the Country erreth !
 Tell, Manhood shakes off pity !
 Tell, Virtue least preferreth !
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie !

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Stab at thee he that will !
 No stab the soul can kill.

A VISION

Upon the Conceit of the Faery Queen.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the Vestal flame
 Was wont to burn ; and, passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
 For they this Queen attended : in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
 And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

EDMUND SPENSER.

1552—1598.

PROTHALAMION.

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair,
When I (whom sullen care—
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In Prince's Court and expectation vain
Of idle hopes which still do fly away
Like empty shadows—did afflict my brain)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames :
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers
And crown their paramours,
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of Nymphs I chancèd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
As each had been a bride ;
And each one had a little wicker basket
Made of fine twigs entrail'd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropp'd full featously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some : the violet pallid blue,

The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee,
Two fairer birds I yet did never see :
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter shew ;
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear,—
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near :
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood ;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazèd still,
Their wondering eyes to fill :
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls so lovely that they sure did deem
Them heavenly-born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team :
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,

But rather angels, or of angels' breed :
Yet were they bred of summer's heat (they say)
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array,—
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield ;
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempè's shore,
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber-floor.
Two of these Nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd ;
Whilst One did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,—
Against their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

“ Ye gentle Birds ! the world's fair ornament
And heavens' glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts' content
Of your love's complement ;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling Son upon you smile,
Whose smile (they say) hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil !

Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board ;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford
Which may your foes confound ;
And make your joys redound,
Upon your bridal day, which is not long !
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.”

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong
Which said their bridal day should not be long ;
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birds did pass along
Adown the lee that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak but that he lack'd a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow ;
And all the fowl which in his stream did dwell
Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangèd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,—
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame :
There when they came whereas those bricky towers,
The which on Thames' broad agèd back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers
There whilome wont the Templar knights to bide,

Till they decay'd through pride ;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case :—
But ah ! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long.
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear.
Fair branch of honour ! flower of chivalry !
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same,
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following
Upon the bridal day, which is not long !
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hair
In the ocean billows he hath bathèd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing :
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature
Beseeming well the bower of any Queen,

With gifts of art and ornaments of nature
 Fit for so goodly stature,—
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight
 Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright :
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
 Received those two fair Birds, their love's delight ;
 Which at the appointed tide
 Each One did make his Bride.
 Against their bridal day, which is not long,
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

AMORETTI.

Thrice happy She that is so well assured
 Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
 That neither will for better be allured
 Ne fear'd with worse to any chance to start ;
 But like a steady ship doth strongly part
 The raging waves and keeps her course aright,
 Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
 Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight !
 Such self-assurance need not fear the spite
 Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends ;
 But in the stay of her own steadfast might
 Neither to one herself nor other bends.
 Most happy she that so assured doth rest,
 But he most happy whom such one loves best !

Fresh Spring ! the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
 All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd,—
 Go to my Love, where she is careless laid
 Yet in her winter's bower, not well awake ;
 Tell her the joyous Time will not be stay'd

Unless she do him by the forelock take !
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amerced with penance due !
Make haste, therefore, sweet Love ! whilst it is prime :
For none can call again the passed Time.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love ! is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty :
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint or dread of any ill :
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound ;
But simple truth and mutual good will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound :
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned Sisters ! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyed in their praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament

Your doleful dreariment :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with garlands crown'd,
Help me mine own Love's praises to resound !
Ne let the same of any be envied !
So Orpheus did for his own Bride :
So I unto myself alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed
Go to the bower of my belovèd Love,
My truest turtle-dove !
Bid her awake ! for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his masque to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight !
For lo ! the wished day is come at last
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight ;
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring !

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green ;
And of the sea that neighbours to her near :
All with gay garlands goodly well beseen !
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay garlànd,
For my fair Love, of lilies and of roses
Bound true-love-wise with a blue silk ribbànd !
And let them make great store of bridal posies ;

And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridal bowers ;
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along
 And diaper'd like the discolour'd mead !
 Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight,
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing !
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel) ;
 And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake
 Where none do fishes take !
 Bind up the locks the which hang scatter'd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
 That when you come whereas my Love doth lie
 No blemish she may spy.
 And eke, ye light-foot Maids which keep the deer
 That on the hoary mountain use to tower,
 And the wild wolves which seek them to devour
 With your steel darts do chase from coming near !
 Be also present here,
 To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Wake now, my Love ! awake ! for it is time :
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb,
 And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
 And carol of Love's praise !
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft,

The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft :
So goodly all agree with sweet consent
To this day's merriment.

Ah, my dear Love ! why do ye sleep thus long ?
When meeter were that ye should now awake
To await the coming of your joyous Make,
And harken to the birds' love-learned song
The dewy leaves among :
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight !
Help quickly her to dight !
But first come ye, fair Hours ! which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which do the seasons of the year allot
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair ;
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian Queen !
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride :
Help to adorn my beautifullest Bride !
And as ye her array still throw between
Some graces to be seen ;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing !
The whiles the woods shall answer and your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come :
Let all the virgins therefore well await !
And ye fresh boys that tend upon her Groom,
Prepare yourselves ! for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array
Fit for so joyfull day,

The joyfullest day that ever sun did see !
 Fair Sun ! show forth thy favourable ray ;
 And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be
 For fear of burning her sun-shiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse,
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse :
 But let this day, let this one day be mine !
 Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry music that resounds from far :
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or jar !
 But most of all the damsels do delight
 When they their timbrels smite
 And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
 That all the senses they do ravish quite ;
 The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
 As if it were one voice,
 " Hymen, io Hymen ! Hymen ! " they do shout,—
 That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people standing all about
 As in approvance do thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud ;
 And evermore they " Hymen ! Hymen ! " sing,
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Lo where She comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe from her chamber of the East
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,

Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best !
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring !

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters ! did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as She,
Adorn'd with Beauty's grace and Virtue's store ?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,—
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins ! in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze ?
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,

The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which read
Medusa's 'mazelful head.
There dwells sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,—
There Virtue reigns as Queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
To which the base affections do obey
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing
That all the woods should answer and your echo ring!

Open the temple gates unto my Love!
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due
That cometh in to you!
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view.
Of her, ye virgins! learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats

The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring!

Behold whiles She before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blessed her with his too happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain!
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fasten'd on the ground
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance away
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! "Alleluia" sing!
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

Now all is done! Bring home the Bride again!
Bring home the triumph of our victory!
Bring home with you the glory of her gain!
With joyance bring her, and with jollity!
Never had man more joyful day than this
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast therefore now all this livelong day!
This day for ever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay!
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full!
Pour out to all that wull;
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal!
Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,

And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,—
For they can do it best :
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer and their echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town !
And leave your wonted labours for this day :
This day is holy : do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may !
This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,—
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night when longest fitter were :
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away ;
And bonfires make all day,
And dance about them, and about them sing :
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring !

Ah, when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my Love ?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend !
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move !
Haste thee, O fairest Planet ! to thy home
Within the western foam :
Thy tirèd steeds long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright Evening Star with golden crest
Appear out of the East.
Fair Child of Beauty ! glorious lamp of Love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread !

How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring !

Now cease, ye damsels ! your delights forepast :
Enough is it that all the day was yours.
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast :
Now bring the Bride into the bridal bowers !
The night is come : now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay !
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets !
Behold, how goodly my fair Love does lie
In proud humility :
Like unto Maia whereas Jove her took,
In Tempè, lying on the flowery grass
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook !
Now it is night : ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone ;
And leave likewise your former lay to sing !
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, Night ! thou Night so long expected,
That long day's labour dost at last defray
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one and canceled for aye.
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see ;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free !
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy !

But let the time be calm and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom,
Or like as when he with thyself did lie
And begot Majesty !
And let the maids and young men cease to sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring !

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within nor yet without ;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceivèd doubt !
Let no deluding dreams nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights ;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not !
Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night-raven that still deadly yells,
Nor damned ghosts call'd up with mighty spells,
Nor grisly vultures make us once afear'd ;
Ne let the unpleasant choir of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish their choking !
Let none of these their dreary accents sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring !

But let still Silence true night watches keep !
That sacred peace may in assurance reign,
And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain :
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-feather'd doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,

Their pretty stealths shall work and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night.
Ye sons of Venus ! play your sports at will :
For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys
Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play !
For it will soon be day :
Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps,
Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright ?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps
But walks about high heaven all the night ?
O fairest Goddess ! do thou not envy
My love with me to spy !
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought :
Therefore to us be favourable now !
And sith of womens' labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Incline thy will to effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed
That may our comfort breed !
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing :
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring !

And thou, great Juno ! which with awful might
The laws of wedlock still doth patronize
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,—
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,—

Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart !
And thou, glad Genius ! in whose gentle hand
The bridal bower and genial bed remain
Without blemish or stain,
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night !
And thou, fair Hebe ! and thou Hymen free !
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing :
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye, high Heavens ! the temple of the Gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desired light,—
And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign !
Pour out your blessing on us plenteously
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raise a large posterity,—
Which from the earth, which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count !
So let us rest, sweet Love ! in hope of this :
And cease till then our timely joys to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring !

SONG ! made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my Love should duly have been deck'd,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,

But promised both to recompense,—
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument !

JOHN LYLY.

1554—1601.

SONG OF APELLES.

Cupid and my Campaspè play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid :
His stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin :
All these did my Campaspè win.
At last he set her both his eyes ;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee,
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

PAN'S SYRINX.

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turn'd into a reed :
From that dear reed Pan's pipe doth come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb.
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chaunt it as the pipe of Pan ;
Cross-garter'd swains, and dairy girls
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play
With dancing wear out night and day.
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by

When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy :
 His minstrelsy ? O base ! this quill,
 Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
 Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
 That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

1550 ?—1607.

MIND'S WEALTH.

My mind to me a kingdom is :
 Such present joys therein I find
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye,—
 To none of these I yield as thrall :
 For why ? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :
 These get with toil, they keep with fear ;
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay :
 I seek no more than may suffice,
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look ! what I lack my mind supplies :
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
 I little have, and seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they have ;
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
 My state at one doth still remain :
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloaked craft their store of skill :
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clear my chief defence,
 I neither seek by bribes to please
 Nor by deceit to breed offence.
 Thus do I live ; thus will I die :
 Would all did so as well as I !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554—1586.

HEART AND SOUL.

O Fair ! O Sweet ! when I do look on thee
 In whom all joys so well agree,
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

This you hear is not my tongue
 Which once said what I conceivèd :
 For it was of use bereavèd,

With a cruel answer stung.
No ! though tongue to roof be cleavèd,
Fearing lest he chastised be,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O Fair ! O Sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
Just accord all music makes :
In thee just accord excelleth,
Where each part in such peace dwelleth
One of other beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O Fair ! O Sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
They that heaven have known do say
That whoso this grace obtaineth,
To see what fair sight there reigneth,
Forcèd are to sing alway :
So then since that heaven remaineth
In thy face I plainly see,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

O Fair ! O Sweet ! when I do look on thee
In whom all joys so well agree,
Heart and soul do sing in me.
Sweet ! think not I am at ease
For because my chief part singeth :
This song from death-sorrow springeth,
As from swan in last disease :
For no dumbness nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody,
Heart and soul do sing in me.

THE MEETING.

In a grove, most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare ;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while !
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did : but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mix'd ;
With arms cross'd, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But, when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break ;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

Stella ! sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy !

Stella, star of heavenly fire !
Stella, loadstar of desire !

Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted !

Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks !
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth !

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss ;
Whose face all all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth !

Grant, O grant,—but speech, alas !
Fails me, fearing on to pass ;
Grant,—O me ! what am I saying ?
But no fault there is in praying :

Grant—O Dear ! on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay),
That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit ;
Never room more apt for it ;
Smiling air allows my reason ;
These birds sing—" Now use the season ! "

This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss !
Each tree in its best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drink ;
Love to earth makes water sink ;

And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?

There his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake : her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch ;
While such wise she love denièd
As yet love she signifièd.

Astrophel ! said she,—my love
Cease in these effects to prove !
Now be still ! yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish !

If those eyes you praisèd be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder-minded !

If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placèd,
Be both wish and I defacèd !

If more may be said, I say ;
All my bliss in thee I lay :
If thou love, my love content thee !
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try ;

Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee ;
 Stella's self might not refuse thee.

Therefore, Dear ! this no more move,
 Lest, though I leave not thy love,
 Which too deep in me is framèd,
 I should blush when thou art namèd !—

Therewithal away she went,
 Leaving him so passion-rent
 With what she had done and spoken,
 That therewith my song is broken.

LOVE IS DEAD.

Ring out your bells ! let mourning shows be spread !
 For Love is dead.

All love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
 And faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female phrenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord ! deliver us.

Weep, neighbours ! weep : do you not hear it said
 That Love is dead ?

His death-bed peacock's folly,
 His winding-sheet is shame,
 His will false seeming holy,
 His sole executor blame.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female phrenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord ! deliver us.

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read !
 For Love is dead.

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
 My Mistress' marble heart ;
 Which epitaph containeth—
 “ Her eyes were once his dart.”
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female phrenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord ! deliver us.

Alas ! I lie : rage hath this error bred :
 Love is not dead.
 Love is not dead, but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind,
 Where she his counsel keepeth
 Till due deserts she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a frenzy
 Who love can temper thus,
 Good Lord ! deliver us.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Let Mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
 To see her offspring seek a good increase,
 Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid's powers,
 And war of thoughts is swallow'd up in peace,
 Which never may decrease,
 But, like the turtles fair,
 Live one in two, a well-united pair :
 Which that no chance may stain,
 O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

O Heaven ! awake, show forth thy stately face ;
 Let not these slumbering clouds thy beauties hide ;
 But with thy cheerful presence help to grace
 The honest Bridegroom and the bashful Bride,
 Whose loves may ever bide,

Like to the elm and vine,
With mutual embracements them to twine :
In which delightful pain,
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Muses all ! which chaste affects allow
And have to Thyrsis shown your secret skill,
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow ;
And so to him and her your gifts distill
That they all vice may kill
And, like to lilies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotless may endure :
Where that all bliss may reign,
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

Ye Nymphs which in the waters empire have !
Since Thyrsis' music oft doth yield you praise,
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis crave :
Let one time—but long first—close up their days,
One grave their bodies seize ;
And, like two rivers sweet
When they though divers do together meet,
One stream both streams contain !
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

Pan ! father Pan, the god of silly sheep !
Whose care is cause that they in number grow,—
Have much more care of them that them do keep,
Since from these good the others' good doth flow ;
And make their issue show
In number like the herd
Of younglings which thyself with love hast rear'd,
Or like the drops of rain !
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

Virtue ! if not a God, yet God's chief part !
Be thou the knot of this their open vow :

That still he be her head, she be his heart ;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow ;
 Each other still allow ;
 Like oak and misletoe,
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow !
 In which most lovely train,
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

But thou, foul Cupid ! sire to lawless lust,
Be thou far hence with thy empoison'd dart,
Which, though of glittering gold, shall here take rust,
Where simple love, which chasteness doth impart,
 Avoids thy hurtful art,
 Not needing charming skill
Such minds with sweet affections for to fill :
 Which being pure and plain,
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

All churlish words, shrewd answers, crabbed looks,
All privateness, self-seeking, inward spite,
All waywardness which nothing kindly brooks,
All strife for toys and claiming master's right,
 Be hence aye put to flight ;
 All stirring husband's hate
'Gainst neighbours good for womanish debate
 Be fled : as things most vain !
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

All peacock pride and fruits of peacock's pride,
Longing to be with loss of substance gay,
With recklessness what may the house betide
So that you may on higher slippers stay,
 For ever hence away !
 Yet let not sluttish,
The sink of filth, be counted housewifery,
 But keeping whole your main !
O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

But, above all, away vile jealousy,
 The evil of evils, just cause to be unjust !
 How can he love, suspecting treachery ?
 How can she love, where love can not win trust ?
 Go, snake ! hide thee in dust ;
 Nor dare once show thy face
 Where open hearts do hold so constant place
 That they thy sting restrain !
 O Hymen ! long their coupled joys maintain !

The Earth is deck'd with flowers, the Heavens display'd,
 Muses grant gifts, Nymphs long and joined life,
 Pan store of babes, virtue their thoughts well stay'd,
 Cupid's lust gone, and gone is bitter strife.
 Happy man ! happy wife !
 No pride shall them oppress,
 Nor yet shall yield to loathsome sluttishness ;
 And jealousy is slain,
 For Hymen will their coupled joys maintain.

SONNETS TO STELLA.

Stella ! the only planet of my night,
 Light of my life, and life of my desire,
 Chief good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,
 World of my wealth, and heaven of my delight :
 Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy spright,
 With voice more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
 Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
 Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight ?
 And all in vain : for while thy breath most sweet
 With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
 Thy reasons firmly set on virtue's feet,
 Labour to kill in me this killing care,
 O, think I then, what paradise of joy
 It is so fair a Virtue to enjoy !

Stella ! the fullness of my thoughts of thee
Can not be stay'd within my panting breast ;
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words thy figure be express'd :
And yet, as soon as they so formed be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I can not choose but write my mind,
And can not choose but put out what I write :
While these poor babes their death in birth do find.
And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopp'd his fury from the same
Because their fore-front bare sweet Stella's name.

Alas ! have I not pain enough, my friend !
Upon whose breast a fiercer grip doth tire
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend,
But with your rhubarb words you must contend
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts which do in ruin end ?
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well-staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame,—
If that be sin which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,—
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be !

My Muse may well grudge at my heavenly joy
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep :
She oft hath drunk my tears now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.

Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to annoy;
Trebles sing high, so well as bases deep.
Grief but Love's winter livery is : the boy
Hath cheeks to smile, so well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse ! show thou height of delight
In well-raised notes ; my pen, the best it may,
Shall paint out joy though but in black and white.
Cease, eager Muse ! peace, pen ! for my sake stay !
I give you here my hand for truth of this :
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
“ What ho ! ” say they of me, “ now dare we swear
He can not love : no ! no ! let him alone ! ”
And think so still, so Stella know my mind !
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;
But you, fair maids ! at length this true shall find,—
That his right badge is but worn in the heart :
Dumb swains, not chattering pies, do lovers prove :
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

O joy too high for my low style to show !
O bliss fit for a nobler state than me !
Envy ! put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow !
My friend ! that oft saw through all masks my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee !
Gone is the winter of my misery ;
My Spring appears : O see what here doth grow !

For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
 Of her high heart given me the monarchy.
 I, I,—O, I may say that she is mine !
 And though she give but this conditionly,
 This realm of bliss while virtuous course I take,
 No kings be crown'd, but they some covenants make.

My true Love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for the other given :
 I hold his dear, and mine he can not miss ;
 There never was a bargain better driven.
 His heart in me keeps me and him in one ;
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
 I cherish his, because in me it bides.
 His heart his wound received from my sight ;
 My heart was wounded with his wounded heart :
 For, as from me on him his hurt did light,
 So still methought in me his hurt did smart.
 Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss :
 My true Love hath my heart, and I have his.

FULKE GREVILLE.

(LORD BROOKE.) 1554—1628.

CYNTHIA.

Away with these self-loving lads
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads !
 Away, poor souls that sigh and weep,
 In love of them that lie and sleep !
 For Cupid is a meadow God,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like Destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree ;
 Desert is borne out of his bow,

Reward upon his feet doth go :
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own !

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holy-days ;
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same :
 Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree ;
 If doubt do darken things held dear,
 Then well fare nothing once a year !
 For many run, but one must win :
 Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, which is the due of love ;
 And love as well the shepherd can
 As can the mighty nobleman.
 Sweet Nymph ! 'tis true you worthy be :
 Yet without love nought worth to me.

THOMAS WATSON.

1557?—1592?

ON SIDNEY'S DEATH.

How long with vain complaining,
 With dreary tears and joys refraining,
 Shall we renew his dying
 Whose happy soul is flying,
 Not in a place of sadness,
 But in eternal gladness ?
 Sweet Sidney lives in heaven : then let our weeping
 Be turn'd to hymns and songs of pleasant keeping !

THE KISS.

In time long past, when in Diana's chace
A bramble bush prick'd Venus in the foot,
Old Æsculapius help'd her heavy case
Before the hurt had taken any root :
Wherehence, although his beard were crisping hard,
She yielded him a kiss for his reward.

My luck was like to his, this other day,
When She whom I on earth do worship most
For kissing me vouchsafed thus to say —
“ Take this for once, and make thereof no boast ! ”
Forthwith my heart gave signs of joy by skips,
As though our souls had join'd by kissing lips.

And since that time I thought it not amiss
To judge which were the best of all these three,—
Her breath, her speech, or that her dainty kiss :
And (sure) of all the kiss best likèd me.
For that it was which did revive my heart,
Oppress'd and almost dead with daily smart.

JEALOUS OF GANYMEDE.

This latter night, amidst my troubled rest,
A dismal dream my fearful heart appall'd,
Whereof the sum was this : Love made a feast,
To which all neighbour Saints and Gods were call'd :
The cheer was more than mortal men can think,
And mirth grew on by taking in their drink.

Then Jove amidst his cups, for service done,
'Gan thus to jest with Ganymede, his boy :
“ I fain would find for thee, my pretty Son !
A fairer wife than Paris brought to Troy.”
“ Why, Sir ! ” quoth he, “ if Phœbus stand my friend,
Who knows the world, this gear will soon have end.”

Then Jove replied that Phœbus should not choose
 But do his best to find the fairest face ;
 And she once found should ne will nor refuse,
 But yield herself and change her dwelling-place.
 Alas ! how much was then my heart affright :
 Which bade me wake and watch my Fair Delight.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Love hath delight in sweet delicious fare ;
 Love never takes Good Counsel for his friend ;
 Love author is and cause of idle care ;
 Love is distraught of wit and hath no end ;
 Love shooteth shafts of burning hot desire ;
 Love burneth more than either flame or fire.

Love doth much harm through jealousy's assault ;
 Love once embraced will hardly part again ;
 Love thinks in breach of faith there is no fault ;
 Love makes a sport of others' deadly pain ;
 Love is a wanton child, and loves to brawl ;
 Love with his war brings many souls to thrall.

These are the smallest faults that lurk in Love ;
 These are the hurts that I have cause to curse ;
 These are those truths which no man can disprove ;
 These are such harms as none can suffer worse.
 All this I write that others may beware,
 Though now myself twice free from all such care.

HENRY CONSTABLE.

1555 ?—1615 ?

DIAPHENIA.

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
 White as the sun, fair as the lily !
 Heigh ho ! how I do love thee :

I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams.

How bless'd were I if thou wouldst prove me !

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweet all sweets encloses,

Fair Sweet ! how I do love thee :

I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power :

For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,

Dear Joy ! how I do love thee :

As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king :

Then in requite, sweet Virgin ! love me !

THE FOWLER.

The fowler hides, as closely as he may,
The net where caught the silly bird should be,
Lest he the threatening prison should but see
And so for fear be forced to fly away.

My Lady so, the while she doth essay
In curled knots fast to entangle me,
Puts on her veil, to the end I should not flee
The golden net wherein I am a prey.

Alas, Most Sweet ! what need is of a net
To catch a bird that is already tame ?

Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
For it desires to fly into the same.

What needs such cost my thoughts then to entrap
When of themselves they fly into your lap ?

IF TRUE LOVE.

If true love might true love's reward obtain,
Dumb wonder only might speak of my joy ;

But too much worth hath made thee too much coy,
 And told me long ago I loved in vain.
 Not the vain hope of undeservèd gain
 Hath made me paint in verses mine annoy ;
 But for thy pleasure, that thou might'st enjoy
 Thy beauty's sight, in glasses of my pain.
 See then Thyself, though me thou wilt not hear,
 By looking on my verse ! For pain in verse,
 Love doth in pain, beauty in love appear.
 So, if thou would'st my verses' meaning see,
 Expound them thus when I my love rehearse—
 “ None loves like him ! ” that is “ None fair like me ! ”

THOMAS LODGE.

1556?—1625.

ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet :
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet :
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast,
 My kisses are his daily feast :
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton ! will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night :
 Strike I my lute he tunes the string,
 He music plays if so I sing,
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton ! still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence ;
And bind you when you want to play,
For your offence :
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin :
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be !
Look in mine eyes ! I like of thee :
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

ROSALYNDE.

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines :
Heigh ho ! fair Rosalynde !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think,
Heigh ho ! would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face ;
Or like the silver crimson shroud

That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :

Heigh ho ! fair Rosalynde !

Her lips are like two budded roses

Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,

Within which bounds she balm encloses

Apt to entice a deity.

Heigh ho ! would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower

Where Love himself imprison'd lies

To watch for glances every hour

From her divine and sacred eyes :

Heigh ho ! fair Rosalynde !

Her paps are centres of delight ;

Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,

Where Nature moulds the dew of light

To feed perfection with the same.

Heigh ho ! would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,

With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,

Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :

Heigh ho ! fair Rosalynde !

Nature herself her shape admires ;

The Gods are wounded in her sight ;

And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,

And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Heigh ho ! would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs ! though I bemoan

The absence of fair Rosalynde :

Since for a Fair there's fairer none,

Nor for her virtues so divine.

Heigh ho ! fair Rosalynde !

Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

A LOVER'S PROTESTATION.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to Thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be over-pried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I fail Thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace,
And love relent in deep disdain,
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And envy pity every pain,
And pleasure mourn, and sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen by help of Fame
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

PHILLIS.

Love guards the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee :
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine ;

And if I look the Boy will lour,
And from their orbs shoots shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same ;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love ! let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye !
Make soft her heart ! dissolve her lours !
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not, Love ! I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

HUMFREY GIFFORD.

15— 16—

IN THE PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Reveal, O tongue ! the secrets of my thought !
Tell forth the gain that perfect Friendship brings !
Express what joys by her to man are brought !
Unfold her praise which glads all earthly things !
If one might say, in earth a heaven to be,
It is (no doubt) where faithful friends agree.

To all estates true friendship is a stay,
To every wight a good and welcome guest,—
Our life were death were she once ta'en away :
Consuming cares would harbour in our breast ;
Foul malice eke would banish all delight,
And puff us up with poison of despite.

If that the seeds of envy and debate
Might yield no fruit, but wither and decay,
No canker'd minds would hoard up heaps of hate,
No hollow hearts dissembling parts should play,
No claw-back then would fawn in hope of meed :
Such life to lead were perfect life indeed.

But nowadays desire of worldly pelf
 With all estates makes friendship very cold ;
 Few for their friends, each shifteth for himself :
 If in thy purse thou hast good store of gold,
 Full many a One thy friendship will embrace ;
 Thy wealth once spent, they turn away their face.

Let us still pray unto the Lord above,
 For to relent our hearts as hard as stone,
 That through the world one knot of royal love
 In perfect truth might link us all in one !
 Then should we pass this life without annoys,
 And after death possess eternal joys.

GEORGE PEELE.

1558 ?—1596 ?

CUPID'S CURSE.

CENONE—Fair and fair and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be,—
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A Love for any Ladie !

PARIS—Fair and fair and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be,
 Thy Love is fair for thee alone
 And for no other Ladie.

CENONE—My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
 As fresh as been the flowers in May ;
 And of my Love my roundelay,
 My merry merry merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's Curse :
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse !

BOTH—They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse !

CENONE—Fair and fair and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be,—
 The fairest shepherd on our green,
 A Love for any Ladie !

PARIS—Fair and fair and twice so fair,
 As fair as any may be,
 Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
 And for no other Ladie.

CENONE—My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
 My Love can many a pretty thing ;
 And of his lovely praises ring
 My merry merry roundelays :
 Amen to Cupid's Curse !

They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse !

BOTH—They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse !

COLIN'S SONG.

O gentle Love ! ungentle for thy deed :
 Thou makest my heart
 A bloody mark,
 With piercing shot to bleed.
 Shoot soft, sweet Love ! for fear thou shoot amiss,
 For fear too keen
 Thy arrows been
 And hit the heart where my Belovèd is !

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
 Shall be so bless'd
 Among the rest,
 That Love shall seize on her by sympathy :
 Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
 This doth remain
 To cease my pain :
 I take the wound and die at Venus' foot.

ROBERT GREENE.

1560 ?—1592 ?

SWEET CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown :
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,—
Obscurèd life sets down as type of bliss :
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela ;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa Fount they lie,
Is fair Samela ;
As fair Aurora, in her morning grey
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela ;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela ;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory

Of fair Samela ;
 Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
 Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony :

Thus fair Samela
 Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the show of majesty,
 For she's Samela ;
 Pallas in wit : all three, if you well view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
 Yield to Samela.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

That she sang in her arbour.

Sitting by a river side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things
 That the mind in quiet brings :—
 I can think how some men deem .
 Gold their god ; and some esteem
 Honour as the chief content
 That to man in life is lent ;
 And some others do contend
 Quiet none like to a friend ;
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Comparèd to a perfect health ;
 Some man's mind in quiet stands
 When he is lord of many lands :
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;
 And in my thoughts I did approve
 Nought so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth and heart grees,
 With folded arms and lips meeting,
 Each soul another sweetly greeting :
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,

And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If love be so sweet a thing
 That such happy bliss doth bring,
 Happy is love's sugar'd thrall;
 But unhappy maidens all
 Who esteem your virgin blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind
 As true love with kisses kind !
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgraced.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me—
 No love sweet but honesty !

INFIDA'S SONG.

Sweet Adon ! darest not glance thine eye—
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
 Upon thy Venus that must die ?
 Je vous en priè, pity me !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

See how sad thy Venus lies,—
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
 Love in heart and tears in eyes :
 Je vous en priè, pity me !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks—
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
 Wherein Fancy baits her hooks ;
 Je vous en priè, pity me !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
Amongst the western mounts of snow ;
Je vous en priè, pity me !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Thy lips vermilion full of love,—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove ;
Je vous en priè, pity me !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires :
Je vous en priè, pity me !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

All thy beauties sting my heart ;—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
I must die through Cupid's dart :
Je vous en priè, pity me !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Wilt thou let thy Venus die ?—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !
Adon were unkind, say I—
Je vous en priè, pity me !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—

To let fair Venus die for woe—
N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !—
That doth love sweet Adon so.
Je vous en priè, pity me !

N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

FRANCIS BACON.

(LORD VERULAM.) 1560—1626.

THE WORLD-BUBBLE.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man
 Less than a span :
 In his conception wretched, from the womb
 So to the tomb ;
 Cursed from the cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears.
 Who then to frail Mortality shall trust
 But limns on water or but writes in dust.

Yet, since with sorrow here we live oppress'd,
 What life is best ?
 Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools ;
 The rural parts are turn'd into a den
 Of savage men ;
 And where's the city from foul vice so free
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains his head ;
 Those that live single take it for a curse,
 Or do things worse ;
 Some would have children, those that have them moan
 Or wish them gone :
 What is it then to have or have no wife,
 But single thralldom or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please
 Is a disease ;
 To cross the seas to any foreign soil

Peril and toil ;
 Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
 We are worse in peace.
 What then remains but that we still should cry
 For being born or, being born, to die ?

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1562 ?—1594.

CHANGE AND COMPENSATION.

The lopped tree in time may grow again ;
 Most-naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
 The sorest wight may find release of pain ;
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower :
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,—
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarser web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever Spring ;
 No endless night, yet no eternal day ;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing ;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay :
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
 The net that holds not great takes little fish ;
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd ;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish :
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall ;
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1562?—1619.

TO DELIA.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul,
Where I have cast the accounts of all my care ;
Here have I summ'd my sighs, here I enroll
How they were spent for thee : look what they are !
Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes !
Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
And cross my cares ere greater sums arise !
Read it, sweet Maid ! though it be done but slightly :
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.

I once may see when years shall wreak my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
Then Beauty, now the burthen of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire ;
Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.
When, if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my Verse ! go tell her what she was,
For what she was she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But, Phœnix-like, shall make her live anew.

Care-charmer, Sleep ! son of the sable Night,

Brother to Death, in silent darkness born !
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return ;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth !
Cease, Dreams ! the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow !
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain !

Beauty, sweet Love ! is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight is gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish ;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose,—
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose :
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauty's lease expired appears
The date of age, the kalends of our dearth :—
But ah, no more ! this must not be foretold :
For women grieve to think they must be old.

I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile :
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet Maid ! in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither,

And where the sweetest blossom first appears
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither !
 Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise !
 Pity and smiles do best become the Fair ;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a One !

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN.

15— 16—

TO FIDESSA.

Tongue ! never cease to sing Fidessa's praise ;
 Heart ! howe'er she deserve, conceive the best ;
 Eyes ! stand amazed to see her beauty's rays ;
 Lips ! steal one kiss and be for ever bless'd ;
 Hands ! touch that hand wherein your life is closed ;
 Breast ! lock up fast in thee thy life's sole treasure ;
 Arms ! still embrace, and never be disclosed ;
 Feet ! run to her without or pace or measure :
 Tongue ! heart ! eyes ! lips ! hands ! breast ! arms ! feet !
 Consent to do true homage to your Queen :
 Lovely, fair, gent, wise, virtuous, sober, sweet,
 Whose like shall never be, hath never been !
 O that I were all tongue, her praise to show !
 Then surely my poor heart were freed from woe.

If great Apollo offer'd as a dower
 His burning throne to Beauty's excellence,—
 If Jove himself came in a golden shower
 Down to the earth, to fetch fair Io thence,—
 If Venus in the curled locks was tied
 Of proud Adonis, not of gentle kind,—
 If Tellus for a shepherd's favour died
 (The favour cruel Love to her assign'd),—

If heaven's winged herald Hermes had
 His heart enchanted with a country maid,—
 If poor Pygmalion was for Beauty mad,—
 If Gods and men have all for Beauty stray'd,—
 I am not then ashamed to be included
 'Mongst those that love and be with love deluded.

JOHN DAVIES.

(OF HEREFORD.) 1560-5—1618.

THE PICTURE OF AN HAPPY MAN.

How bless'd is he, though ever cross'd,
 That can all crosses blessings make ;
 That finds himself ere he be lost,
 And lose that found, for virtue's sake.

Yea, bless'd is he in life and death,
 That fears not death, nor loves this life ;
 That sets his will his wit beneath ;
 And hath continual peace in strife.

That striveth but with frail-Desire,
 Desiring nothing that is ill ;
 That rules his soul by Reason's squire,
 And works by Wisdom's compass still.

That nought observes but what preserves
 His mind and body from offence ;
 That neither courts nor seasons serves,
 And learns without experience.

That hath a name as free from blot
 As Virtue's brow, or as his life
 Is from the least suspect or spot,
 Although he lives without a wife.

That doth, in spite of all debate,
 Possess his soul in patience ;
 And pray, in love, for all that hate ;
 And hate but what doth give offence.

Whose soul is like a sea too still,
That rests, though moved : yea, moved (at least)
With love and hate of good and ill,
To waft the mind the more to rest.

That singly doth and doubles not,
But is the same he seems ; and is
Still simply so, and yet no sot,
But yet not knowing ought amiss.

That never sin concealed keeps,
But shows the same to God, or moe ;
Then ever for it sighs and weeps,
And joys in soul for grieving so.

That by himself doth others mete,
And of himself still meekly deems ;
That never sate in scorner's seat ;
But as himself the worst esteems.

That loves his body for his soul,
Soul for his mind, his mind for God,
God for Himself ; and doth controul
CONTENT, if it with Him be odd.

That to his soul his sense subdues,
His soul to reason, and reason to faith ;
That vice in virtue's shape eschews,
And both by wisdom rightly weigh'th.

That rests in action, acting nought
But what is good in deed and show ;
That seeks but God within his thought,
And thinks but God to love and know.

That, all unseen, sees all (like Him),
And makes good use of what he sees ;
That notes the tracks and tricks of Time,
And flees with the one, the other flees.

That lives too low for envy's looks,
And yet too high for loath'd contempt ;
That makes his friends good men and books,
And nought without them doth attempt.

That lives as dying, living yet
In death, for life he hath in hope ;
As far from state as sin and debt,
Of happy life the means and scope.

That fears no frowns, nor cares for fawns
Of Fortune's favourites, or foes ;
That neither checks with kings nor pawns,
And yet still wins what checkers lose.

That ever lives a light to all,
Though oft obscurèd, like the sun ;
And though his fortunes be but small,
Yet Fortune doth not seek, nor shun ;

That never looks but grace to find,
Nor seeks for knowledge to be known ;
That makes a kingdom of his mind,
Wherein, with God, he reigns alone.

This man is great with little state,
Lord of the world epitomized :
Who with staid front out-faceth Fate ;
And, being empty, is sufficed,—
Or is sufficed with little, since (at least)
He makes his conscience a continual feast.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

So shoots a Star as doth my Mistress glide
At midnight through my chamber, which she makes
Bright as the sky when moon and stars are spied,
Wherewith my sleeping eyes amazèd wake :

Which ope no sooner than herself she shuts
Out of my sight, away so fast she flies :
Which me in mind of my slack service puts ;
For which all night I wake, to plague mine eyes.
Shoot, Star ! once more, and if I be thy mark
Thou shalt hit me, for thee I'll meet withal.
Let mine eyes once more see thee in the dark !
Else they with ceaseless waking out will fall :
And if again such time and place I lose
To close with thee, let mine eyes never close.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

The motion which the nine-fold sacred quire
Of angels make : the bliss of all the bless'd,
Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest desire
And moves but souls that move in Pleasure's rest :
The heavenly charm that lullabies our woes,
And recollects the mind that cares distract,
The lively death of joyless thoughts o'erthrows,
And brings rare joys but thought on into act :
Which like the Soul of all the world doth move,
The universal nature of this All :
The life of life, and soul of joy and love,
High rapture's heaven : the That I can not call
(Like God) by real name : and what is this
But Music, next the Highest, the highest bliss ?

LOVE'S BLAZONRY.

When I essay to blaze my lovely Love
And to express her all in colours quaint,
I rob earth, sea, air, fire, and all above,
Of their best parts, but her worst parts to paint :
Staidness from earth, from sea the clearest part,
From air her subtlety, from fire her light ;
From sun, moon, stars, the glory they impart :
So rob and wrong I all, to do her right.

But if the beauty of her mind I touch,
 Since that before touch'd touch but parts externe,
 I ransack heaven a thousand times as much :
 Since in that mind we may that Mind discern,
 That all in All that are or fair or good.
 And so She's most divine, in flesh and blood.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

1563—1618.

A MIND CONTENT.

I weigh not Fortune's frown nor smile,
 I joy not much in earthly joys ;
 I seek not state, I reek not style,
 I am not fond of fancy's toys :
 I rest so pleased with what I have,
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
 I tremble not at noise of war,
 I swoon not at the news of wrack,
 I shrink not at a blazing star :
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain ;
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see Ambition never pleased,
 I see some Tantals starve in store,
 I see Gold's dropsy seldom eased,
 I see even Midas gape for more :
 I neither want, nor yet abound ;
 Enough's a feast, content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
 I fawn not on the great in show ;
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 Neither too lofty nor too low :

This, this is all my choice, my cheer,—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

TWO HEARTS IN ONE.

The poets feign that when the world began
Both sexes in one body did remain,
Till Love, offended with this double man,
Caused Vulcan to divide him into twain :
In this division he the heart did sever ;
But cunningly he did indent the heart,
That if there were a reuniting ever
Each heart might know which was his counterpart.
See then, dear Love ! the indenture of my heart,
And read the covenants writ with holy fire ;
See if your heart be not the counterpart
Of my true heart's indented chaste desire !
And if it be, so may it ever be,—
Two hearts in one, 'twixt you, my Love ! and me.

LOVE UNALTERED.

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honour of my Love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Where'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love ! and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven wax'd blind and till the world were done.
Where'er I am, below, or else above you,
Where'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

THOMAS NASH.

1567—1600.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
 Then blooms each thing ; then maids dance in a ring ;
 Cold doth not sting ; the pretty birds do sing—
 Cuckoo ! jugge, jugge ! pu-we ! to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay ;
 Lambs frisk and play ; the shepherds pipe all day ;
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—
 Cuckoo ! jugge, jugge ! pu-we ! to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet ; the daisies kiss our feet ;
 Young lovers meet ; old wives a-sunning sit ;
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
 Cuckoo ! jugge, jugge ! pu-we ! to-witta-woo !
 Spring ! the sweet Spring !

SUMMER.

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore !
 So fair a Summer never look for more !
 All good things vanish less than in a day :
 Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
 Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year !
 The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

What ! shall those flowers that deck'd thy garland erst
 Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed ?
 O trees ! consume your sap in sorrow's source ;
 Streams ! turn to tears your tributary course.
 Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year !
 The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563—1631.

ROWLAND'S ROUNDELAY.

ROWLAND—Of her pure eyes, that now is seen,

CHORUS—Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains !

ROWLAND—O She alone the Shepherds' Queen,

CHORUS—Her flock that leads :

The Goddess of these meads,

These mountains, and these plains.

ROWLAND—Those eyes of hers that are more clear

CHORUS—Than can poor shepherds' song express,

ROWLAND—Than be his beams that rules the year :

CHORUS—Fie on that praise

In striving things to raise

That doth but make them less !

ROWLAND—That do the flowery Spring prolong,

CHORUS—So all things in her sight do joy,

ROWLAND—And keep the plenteous Summer young,

CHORUS—And do assuage

The wrathful Winter's rage

That would our flocks annoy.

ROWLAND—Jove saw her breast that naked lay,

CHORUS—A sight most fit for Jove to see,

ROWLAND—And swore it was the Milky Way :

CHORUS—Of all most pure

The path, we us assure,

To his bright court to be.

ROWLAND—He saw her tresses hanging down,

CHORUS—That movèd with the gentle air,

ROWLAND—And said that Ariadne's Crown

CHORUS—With those compared

The Gods should not regard,

Nor Berenice's Hair.

ROWLAND—When She hath watch'd my flocks by night,

CHORUS—O happy flocks that She did keep !

ROWLAND—They never needed Cynthia's light,

CHORUS—That soon gave place,
Amazèd with her grace
That did attend thy sheep.

ROWLAND—Above, where heaven's high glories are,

CHORUS—When She is placèd in the skies,

ROWLAND—She shall be call'd the Shepherds' Star :

CHORUS—And evermore
We shepherds will adore
Her setting and her rise.

SONG OF MOTTO AND PERKIN.

MOTTO— Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain !

Who's yonder in the valley set ?

PERKIN—O, it is She whose sweets do stain

The lily, rose, the violet.

MOTTO— Why doth the Sun, against his kind,

Stay his bright chariot in the skies ?

PERKIN—He pauseth, almost stricken blind

With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

MOTTO— Why do thy flocks forbear their food,

Which sometime was their chief delight ?

PERKIN—Because they need no other good

That live in presence of her sight.

MOTTO— How come these flowers to flourish still,

Not withering with sharp Winter's death ?

PERKIN—She hath robb'd Nature of her skill,

And comforts all things with her breath.

MOTTO— Why slide these brooks so slow away,

As swift as the wild roc that were ?

PERKIN—O muse not, shepherd ! that they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

MOTTO— From whence come all these goodly swains
And lovely girls attired in green ?

PERKIN—From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl : our shepherds' Queen.

The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers, can witness bear,
These shepherds and these nymphs do know,
Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

WHAT LOVE IS.

What is Love but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth ?
A holy and resistless fire
Weak and strong alike that seizeth :
Which not Heaven hath power to let,
Nor wise Nature can not smother ;
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the Universal Mother :
That the everlasting chain
Which together all things tied,
And unmoved doth them retain,
And by which they shall abide :
That consent we clearly find
Which doth things together draw,
And so, strong in every kind,
Subjects them to Nature's law :
Whose high virtue Number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the lowest depth that reaches
To the height of heaven above :
Harmony that, wisely found
When the cunning hand doth strike,

Whereas every amorous sound
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender cattle scarcely take
From their dams, the fields to prove,
But each seeketh out a make :
Nothing lives that doth not love.
Not so much as but the plant—
As Nature every thing doth pair—
By it if the male do want,
Doth dislike and will not bear.
Nothing, then, is like to Love,
In the which all creatures be :
From it ne'er let me remove !
Nor let it remove from me !

THE DIVORCE.

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part !
Nay ! I have done ; You get no more of Me :
And I am glad, yea ! glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands, for ever ! cancel all our vows !
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain !
Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1564—1593.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my Love !
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valley, dale and field,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull :
Fair-lined slippers for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love !

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love !

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy Love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields ;
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's Spring, but sorrow's Fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy Love.

PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL.

PHILLIDA—Corydon ! arise, my Corydon !
 Titan shineth clear.

CORYDON—Who is it that calleth Corydon ?
 Who is it that I hear ?

PHILLIDA—Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee :

Arise then, arise then,

Arise and keep thy flock with me !

CORYDON—Phillida, my true love, is it she ?

I come then, I come then,

I come and keep my flock with thee.

PHILLIDA—Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon !

Eat them for my sake !

CORYDON—Here's my oaten pipe, my Lovely One !

Sport for thee to make.

PHILLIDA—Here are threads, my true love ! fine as silk,

To knit thee, to knit thee

A pair of stockings white as milk.

CORYDON—Here are reeds, my true love ! fine and neat,

To make thee, to make thee

A bonnet to withstand the heat.

PHILLIDA—I will gather flowers, my Corydon !

To set in thy cap.

CORYDON—I will gather pears, my Lovely One !

To put in thy lap.

PHILLIDA—I will buy my true love garters gay,

For Sundays, for Sundays,

To wear about his legs so tall.

CORYDON—I will buy my true love yellow say,

For Sundays, for Sundays,

To wear about her middle small.

PHILLIDA—When my Corydon sits on a hill,

Making melody,—

CORYDON—When my Lovely One goes to her wheel,

Singing cheerily,—

PHILLIDA—Sure, methinks, my true love doth excel

For sweetness, for sweetness,

Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight ;

CORYDON—And methinks my true love bears the bell

For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the Nymphs, that be so bright.

PHILLIDA—Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack ! her swain,—

CORYDON—Had my Lovely One, my Lovely One,
Been in Ida plain,—

PHILLIDA—Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring
My Corydon to play withal.

CORYDON—The Queen of Love had been excused
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

PHILLIDA—Yonder comes my mother, Corydon !
Whither shall I fly ?

CORYDON—Under yonder beech, my Lovely One !
While she passeth by.

PHILLIDA—Say to her thy true love was not here !
Remember ! remember
To-morrow is another day !

CORYDON—Doubt me not, my true love ! do not fear !
Farewell then ! farewell then !
Heaven keep our loves alway !

TO CYNTHIA.

My thoughts are wing'd with hope, my hopes with love :
Mount, love ! unto the Moon in clearest night ;
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
In earth so wanes and waxes my delight.
And whisper this, but softly, in her ears,—
Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed tears.

And you, my thoughts ! that some mistrust do carry,
If for mistrust my Mistress do you blame,
Say, though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As she doth change and yet remain the same :

Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain !
Thoughts, hopes, and love, return to me no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before !

THE HERMIT'S SONG.

From fame's desire, from love's delight retired,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I lead ;
And those false pleasures which I once admired
With sad remembrance of my fall I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this :
For She less secret and as senseless is.

Experience, which repentance only brings,
Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange :
Love is disdain'd when it doth look at kings,
And love low placèd base and apt to change.
Their power doth take from him his liberty ;
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.

You men that give false worship unto Love,
And seek that which you never shall obtain,
The endless work of Sisiphus you prove,
Whose end is this—to know you strive in vain.
Hope and Desire, which now your idols be,
You needs must lose, and feel despair with me.

You woods ! in you the fairest nymphs have walk'd,
Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to love ;
You woods ! in whom dear lovers oft have talk'd :
How do you now a place of mourning prove !
Wanstead ! my Mistress saith this is the doom.
Thou art love's child-bed, nursery, and tomb.

WALY! WALY!

O, waly ! waly ! up the bank,
And waly ! waly ! down the brae ;
And waly ! waly ! yon burn-side
Where I and my Love wont to gae !
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak' :
Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O, waly ! waly ! but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
O wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me ;
Saint Anthon's well shall be my drink,
Since my true Love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind ! when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
O gentle Death ! when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing wind's inclemency ;
'Tis not sic cauld that gars me cry :
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see :
My Love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myself in cramoisie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pinn'd it with a silver pin.
 O ! O ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee ;
 And I myself were dead and gane,
 Since a maid again I'll never be !

PHILLADA.

O, what a pain is love !
 How shall I bear it ?
 She will unconstant prove :
 I greatly fear it.
 She so torments my mind,
 That my strength faileth,
 And wavers with the wind
 As a ship saileth :
 Please her the best I may,
 She loves still to gainsay :
 Alack and well-a-day !
 Phillada flouts me.

All the fair yesterday
 She did pass by me,
 She look'd another way
 And would not spy me ;
 I woo'd her for to dine,
 But could not get her ;
 Will had her to the wine—
 He might intreat her.
 With Daniel she did dance,
 On me she look'd askance :
 O thrice unhappy chance !
 Phillada flouts me.

Fair Maid ! be not so coy,

Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy :
Sweet ! entertain me !
She'll give me when she dies
All that is fitting :
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of matrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds :
And yet, for all this guedes,
Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity :
But, 'faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it ;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part :
Death strike me with his dart !
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting,
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And ramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries ;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin——
Yet all's not worth a pin :
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden ! have a care,
 And in time take me !
I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me :
For Doll the dairy maid
 Laugh'd at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
 Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose :
What wanting signs are those !
 Phillada flouts me.

I can not work nor sleep
 At all in season :
Love wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
 In my Love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may
 Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year :
And all for that my dear
 Phillada flouts me.

BEAUTY BATHING.

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
 Where fairest shades did hide her :
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
 The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye,
 To see what was forbidden ;
But better memory said—Fie !
 So vain desire was chidden.
 Hey, nonnie ! nonnie !

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise this while
 As when I fell a-sleeping.
 Hey, nonnie ! nonnie !

IMPORTUNE ME NO MORE !

When I was fair and young, and favour gracèd me,
 Of many was I sought, their Mistress for to be :
 But I did scorn them all ; and answer'd them therefore—
 Go ! go ! go seek some otherwhere !
 Importune me no more !

How many weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
 How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to show :
 Yet I the prouder grew, and answer'd them therefore—
 Go ! go ! go seek some otherwhere !
 Importune me no more !

Then spake fair Venus for that fair victorious Boy,
 And said—“ Fine Dame ! since that you be so coy,
 I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more—
 Go ! go ! go seek some otherwhere !
 Importune me no more ! ”

When she had said these words, such change grew in my breast
 That neither night nor day since that I could take any rest :
 Then lo ! I did repent that I had said before—
 Go ! go ! go seek some otherwhere !
 Importune me no more !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564—1616.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands!
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd—
 The wild waves whist—
 Foot it featly here and there!
 And, sweet Sprites! the burden bear!
 Hark! hark!

Bow, wow!

The watch-dogs' bark!

Bow, wow!

Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer :
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Full fathom five thy father lies :
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Ding-dong!
 Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong bell!

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry ;
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sunset, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

SIGH NO MORE!

Sigh no more, Ladies! sigh no more :
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so ! but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny !
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey, nonny, nonny !

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy!
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so ! but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny !
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey, nonny, nonny !

SPRING.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
Cuckoo !
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo !
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu whit!
Tu whit! to who! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl :
Tu whit !
Tu whit ! to who ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

BLOW, WINTER WIND!

Blow ! blow ! thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude :
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho, unto the green holly !
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze ! freeze ! thou bitter sky !
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho, unto the green holly !
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither ! come hither ! come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

MISTRESS MINE.

O Mistress mine ! where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ! your true Love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting !
Journeys end in lovers meeting,—
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'Tis not hereafter :
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty :
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty !
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

COME AWAY, DEATH!

Come away, come away, Death !
And in sad cypress let me be laid :
Fly away, fly away, breath !
I am slain by a fair cruel Maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown !
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown !
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there !

ORPHEUS.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by :
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart.
Fall asleep, or hearing die !

SERENADE.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies :
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty been :
My Lady sweet ! arise !
Arise ! arise !

DIRGE.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages !
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls, all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great !
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke :
Care no more to clothe and eat !
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow thee and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone !
Fear not slander, censure rash !
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorcisor harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave !

SONNETS.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think of thee, dear friend !
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ;
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one :
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone !
O absence ! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
And that thou teachest how to make one twain
By praising him here who doth hence remain.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wears this world out to the ending doom.
So till the Judgment, that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out

Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest be hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of Beauty can forbid ?
O, none ! unless this miracle have might :
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry :
As to behold desert a beggar born ;
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity ;
And purest faith unhappily forsworn ;
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced ;
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted ;
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced ;
And strength by limping sway disabled ;
And art made tongue-tied by authority ;
And folly doctor-like controuling skill ;
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity ;
And captive good attending captain ill :
Tired with all these, from these I would be gone,
Save that to die I leave my Love alone.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold :
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the West ;
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,—
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
Sweet Thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my Love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand ;
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair ;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath,
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted : yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming :
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the Spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays :
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days.
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue :
Because I would not dull you with my song.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

How oft when thou, my Music ! music play'st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envÿ those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss !

My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my Mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a Goddess go,—
 My Mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
 And yet, by heaven, I think my Love as rare
 As any She belied with false compare.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediment! Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds
 Or bends with the remover to remove.
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken :
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

ROBERT DEVEREUX.

(EARL OF ESSEX.) 1568—1601.

THE FALSE FORGOTTEN.

Change thy mind since she doth change !
 Let not fancy still abuse thee !
 Thy untruth can not seem strange
 When her falsehood doth excuse thee.
 Love is dead, and thou art free :
 She doth live, but dead to thee.

When she loved thee best a while,
 See how still she did delay thee :
 Using shows for to beguile,
 Those vain hopes which have betray'd thee !
 Now thou see'st, but all too late,
 Love loves truth, which women hate.

Love ! farewell ! more dear to me
 Than my life which thou preservedst.
 Life ! thy joy is gone from thee ;
 Others have what thou deservedst :
 They enjoy what's not their own.
 Happier life to live alone !

Yet, thus much to ease my mind,—
 Let her know what she hath gotten :
 She whom time hath proved unkind,
 Having changed, is quite forgotten :
 For time now hath done her worst.
 Would she had done so at first !

Love no more, since she is gone !
 She is gone, and loves another :
 Being once deceived by one,
 Leave to love, and love no other !
 She was false, bid her adieu !
 She was best, but yet untrue.

BARNABE BARNES.

1568-9—1609.

PARTHENOPHE.

Why doth heaven bear a sun
 To give the world an heat ?
 Why there have stars a seat ?
 On earth (when all is done)
 Parthenophe's bright sun
 Doth give a greater heat.

And in her heaven there be
Such fair bright blazing stars,
Which still make open wars
With those in heaven's degree :
These stars far brighter be
Than brightest of heaven's stars.

Why doth earth bring forth roses,
Violets, or lilies,
Or bright daffadillies ?
In her clear cheeks she closes
Sweet damask roses,
In her neck white lilies,

Violets in her veins.
Why do men sacrifice
Incense to deities ?
Her breath more favour gains,
And pleaseth heavenly veins
More than rich sacrifice.

MADRIGALS.

I

Phœbus, rich father of eternal light
And in his hand a wreath of heliochrise
He brought, to beautify those tresses
Whose train, whose softness, and whose gloss more bright,
Apollo's locks did overprize :
Thus with this garland while her brows he blesses,
The golden shadow with his tincture
Cover'd her locks, I gilded with the cincture.

2

Then, as she was 'bove human glory graced,
The Saint (methought) departed,
And suddenly upon her feet she started.
Juno beheld, and fain would have defaced

That female miracle, proud Nature's wonder,
Lest Jove through heaven's clear windows should espy her
And for her beauty Juno's love neglect :
Down she descends, and as she walked by her
A branch of lilies Juno tears in sunder.
Then from her sphere did Venus down reflect,
Lest Mars by chance her beauty should affect ;
And with a branch of roses
She beat upon her face. Then Juno closes
And with white lilies did her beauty chasten.
But lovely Graces in memorial
Let both the rose and lily's colours fall
Within her cheeks, which to be foremost hasten.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

1570—1626.

TO THE LARK.

Early, cheerful, mounting Lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,
In merry notes delighting !
Stint awhile thy song, and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to heaven it bear ;
E'en up to heaven, and sing it there ;
To heaven each morning bear it !
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it !

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astrea's name I praise :
Now then, sweet Lark ! do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it !

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

1574—1627.

AN ODE.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
Every thing did banish moan
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird ! as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefulst ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie ! fie ! fie ! now would she cry ;
Teru ! Teru ! by-and-by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain ;
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they can not hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend to misery :
Words are easy, like the wind ;

Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering
Pity but he were a king ;
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown !
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he can not sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE CHIEFEST GOOD.

The Stoics think (and they come near the truth)
That virtue is the chiefest good of all ;
The Academics on Idea call ;
The Epicures in pleasure spend their youth ;
The Peripatetics judge felicity
To be the chiefest good above all other :
One man thinks this, and that conceives another ;
So that in one thing very few agree.
Let Stoics have their Virtue if they will,

And all the rest their chief supposed good!
 Let cruel martialists delight in blood,
 And misers joy their bags with gold to fill!
 My chiefest good, my chief felicity,
 Is to be gazing on my Love's fair eye.

GANYMEDE.

Sometimes I wish that I his pillow were,
 So might I steal a kiss, and yet not seen;
 So might I gaze upon his sleeping eyne,
 Although I did it with a panting fear:
 But when I well conceive how vain my wish is,
 Ah, foolish Bees! think I, that do not suck
 His lips for honey, but poor flowers do pluck
 Which have no sweet in them, when his sole kisses
 Are able to revive a dying soul.
 Kiss him!—but sting him not! for if you do
 His angry voice your flying will pursue.
 But, when they hear his tongue, what can controul
 Their back return? for then they plainly see
 How honeycombs from his lips dropping be.

JOHN DONNE.

1573—1631.

BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, O Sweet! and do not rise!
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes:
 The day breaks not; it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
 Stay! or else my joys will die,
 And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day: what though it be?
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me?

Why should we rise because 'tis light?
 Did we lie down because 'twas night?
 Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
 Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye :
 If it could speak as well as spy,
 This were the worst that it could say,
 That being well I fain would stay,
 And that I loved my heart and honour so
 That I would not from him that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love.
 The poor, the foul, the false, love can
 Admit, but not the busied man.
 He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
 Such wrong as when a married man should woo.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm !
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch :
 For 'tis my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controul
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part
 Can tie those parts and make me one of all,
 Those hairs, which upward grew and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do't : except she mean'd that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Which will no faith on this bestow
Or, if they do, deride,—

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did ;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty,
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light
All that Love's world compriseth ;
Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth.
Do but mark ! her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her ;
And from her arch'd brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?

Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
 Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smell'd o' the bud of the briar,
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

ECHO'S SONG.

Slow, slow, fresh fount! keep time with my salt tears;
 Yet slower, yet: O faintly, gentle springs!
 List to the heavy part the music bears:
 Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
 Droop, herbs and flowers!
 Fall, grief! in showers:
 Our beauties are not ours.
 O, I could still,
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
 Drop, drop, drop, drop:
 Since Nature's Pride is now a wither'd daffodil.

GYPSY SONGS.

I

The faery beam upon you!
 The stars to glisten on you!
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
 The wheel of Fortune guide you!
 The Boy with the bow beside you
 Run aye in the way
 Till the bird of day
 And the luckier lot betide you!

2

To the old long life and treasure !
 To the young all health and pleasure !
 To the fair their face
 With the heaven's grace,
 And the foul to be loved at leisure !
 To the witty all clear mirrors !
 To the foolish their dark errors !
 To the loving sprite
 A secure delight !
 To the jealous his own false terrors !

HER MAN.

DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, BEN ! to ease me,
 I will tell what man would please me.
 I would have him, if I could,
 Noble, or of greater blood,—
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a woman God did make me ;
 French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a man ; with crisped hair,
 Cast in thousand snares and rings
 For Love's fingers and his wings,
 Chestnut colour,—or, more slack,
 Gold upon a ground of black ;
 Venus' and Minerva's eyes,
 For he must look wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent like Cupid's bow ;
 Front an ample field of snow ;
 Even nose ; and cheeks withal
 Smooth as is the billiard-ball ;

Chin as woolly as the peach ;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard
And made Love, or me, afear'd.

He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft ;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came ;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all :
What we harmony do call
In a body should be there ;
Well he should his clothes too wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him,—
Dress'd, you still for a man should take him,
And not think he had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be, as fire
Showing danger more than ire ;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth ;
And as honest as his birth ;
All his actions to be such
As to do no thing too much,—
Nor o'erpraise nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value nor contemn,

Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots nor knots unweave ;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and Me.

Such a man, with every part,
 I could give my very heart :
 But of one if short he came,
 I can rest me where I am.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men ! if you love us, play no more
 The fools or tyrants with your friends,
 To make us still sing o'er and o'er
 Our own false praises, for your ends :
 We have both wits and fancies too ;
 And if we must, let's sing of you !

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
 If we would search with care and pain,
 Find some one good in some one man ;
 So, going thorough all your strain,
 We shall at last of parcels make
 One good enough—for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
 In any curious piece you see,
 More pleasure while the thing he makes
 Than when 'tis made, why so will we :
 And having pleased our art we'll try
 To make a new, and hang that by.

TO CYNTHIA.

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair !
 Now the Sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus intreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth ! let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

Marble ! weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
Rich as Nature could bequeath thee :
Grant then no rude hand remove her !
All the gazers on the skies
Read not in fair heaven's story
Expresser truth or truer glory
Than they might in her bright eyes.

Rare as wonder was her wit,
And like nectar overflowing ;
Till Time, strong by her bestowing,
Conquer'd hath both life and it :
Life whose grief was out of fashion
In these times. Few so have rued
Fate in another. To conclude,—
For wit, feature, and true passion,
Earth ! thou hast not such another.

SIMPLICITY.

Still to be neat, still to be dress'd
 As you were going to a feast,
 Still to be powder'd, still perfumed,—
 Lady ! it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art :
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

SONG OF SATYRS.

A CATCH.

Buzz ! quoth the Blue-Fly,
 Hum ! quoth the Bee
 Buzz and hum ! they cry,
 And so do we.
 In his ear ! in his nose !
 Thus,—do you see ?
 (*They tickle him*)
 He ate the Dormouse——
 Else it was he !

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine !
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine !
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 L—9

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
If might not wither'd be :
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells (I swear)
Not of itself but thee.

THOMAS DEKKER.

1575?—1640?

CONTENT.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers :

O sweet Content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed :

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O sweet Content ! O sweet, O sweet Content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace !

Honest Labour bears a lovely face :

Then hey, nonny, nonny ! hey, nonny, nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring,

O sweet Content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears :

O punishment !

Then he that patiently Want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king :

O sweet Content ! O sweet, O sweet Content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace !

Honest Labour bears a lovely face :

Then hey nonny, nonny ! hey nonny, nonny !

JOHN WEBSTER.

1570 ?—1640 ?

DIRGE.

Hark ! now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our Dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent,—
Your length in clay's now competent ;
A long war disturb'd your mind,—
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet ;
Don clean linen ; bathe your feet ;
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck !
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day :
End your groan and come away !

DIRGE.

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men !
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm !
But keep the wolf far thence that's foe to men !
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

WILLIAM ROWLEY.

SONG.

Art thou gone in haste,
 I'll not forsake thee ;
 Runnest thou ne'er so fast,
 I'll overtake thee :
 O'er the dales, o'er the downs,
 Through the green meadows,
 From the fields, through the towns,
 To the dim shadows ;

All along the plain,
 To the low fountains,
 Up and down again
 From the high mountains :
 Echo then shall again
 Tell her I follow,
 And the floods to the woods
 Carry my holla, holla !

FRANCIS DAVISON.

1575 ?—1619.

WALTER DAVISON.

1581—1602-6.

UPON HER PROTESTING

THAT SHE LOVED HIM.

Lady ! you are with beauties so enriched,
 Of body and of mind,
 As I can hardly find
 Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

Whether your skin so white, so smooth, so tender,
 Or face so lovely fair,
 Or heart-ensnaring hair,
 Or dainty hand, or leg and foot so slender.

Or whether your sharp wit and lively spirit,
Where pride can find no place,
Or your most pleasing grace,
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

Most lovely all, and each of them doth move me
More than words can express ;
But yet I must confess
I love you most because you please to love me.

ONLY SHE PLEASES HIM.

Passion may my judgment blear,
Therefore sure I will not swear
That others are not pleasing :
But (I speak it to my pain
And my life shall it maintain)
None else yields my heart easing.

Ladies I do think there be,
Other some as fair as she,
Though none have fairer features ;
But my turtle-like affection,
Since of her I made election,
Scorns other fairest creatures.

Surely I will not deny
But some others reach as high
With their sweet warbling voices ;
But, since her notes charm'd mine ear,
Even the sweetest tunes I hear
To me seem rude harsh noises.

A COMPARISON.

Some there are as fair to see too,
But by art and not by nature ;
Some as tall, and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature ;

Some have gracious, kind behaviour,
 But are foul or simple creatures ;
 Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
 Or are proud of their good features :
 Only you—and you want pity—
 Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty.

TO HER HAND,

UPON HER GIVING HIM HER GLOVE.

O Hand ! of all hands living
 The softest, moistest, whitest ;
 More skill'd than Phœbus on a lute in running,
 More than Minerva with a needle cunning,
 Than Mercury more wily
 In stealing hearts most slily !
 Since thou, dear Hand ! in theft so much delightest,
 Why fall'st thou now a-giving ?
 Ay me ! thy gifts are thefts, and with strange art
 In giving me thy glove thou steal'st my heart.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

1575 ?—1649 ?

GOOD-MORROW.

Pack, clouds ! away, and welcome, day !
 With night we banish sorrow :
 Sweet air ! blow soft ; mount, lark ! aloft :
 To give my Love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow :
 Bird ! prune thy wing ; nightingale ! sing :
 To give my Love good-morrow.
 To give my Love good-morrow
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast !
Sing, birds ! in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves ! amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow.
To give my Love good-morrow,
Sing, birds ! in every furrow.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

1585-6—1613-16.

JOHN FLETCHER.

1579—1625.

BRIDAL SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue ;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint ;
Daisies, smell-less yet most quaint ;
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger ;
With hair-bells slim ;
Ox-lips, in their cradles growing ;
Marygolds, on death-beds blowing ;
Larks-heels trim :

All dear Nature's children sweet
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
On our bird house perch, or sing,
Or with them any discord bring ;
 But from it fly !

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR.

Beauty clear and fair,
 Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
 Where the violet and the rose
 Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else !

Where to live near,
 And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new ;
 Where to gain a favour is
 More than light, perpetual bliss :
Make me live by serving you !

Dear ! back recall my spright
 To this light,
A stranger to himself and all.
 Both the wonder and the story
 Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
I am your servant, and your thrall.

HYMN TO PAN.

All ye woods and trees and bowers !
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs, or brakes !

Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame !
He is great, and he is just ;
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling
Whilst we sing :
Ever holy !
Ever holy !
Ever honour'd ! ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

DEATH-SONG.

Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew !
Maidens ! willow-branches bear ;
Say I died true !
My Love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth :
Upon my buried body lay
Lightly, gentle earth !

TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mortality ! behold, and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones !
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands

Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach—"In greatness is no trust!"
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin!
Here the bones of Birth have cried—
"Though Gods they were, as men they died!"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropp'd from the ruin'd sides of Kings!
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead, by Fate.

SONG FOR A DANCE.

Shake off your heavy trance!
And leap into a dance
Such as no mortals use to tread:
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow!

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn!
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain!

Hide, O hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee!

COME, SLEEP!

Come, Sleep! and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought:
O, let my joys have some abiding!

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman fair
And her mind as clear as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch!
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover! where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise!
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double-arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind!
How should I call that love mine
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true !
 There is beauty's fairest hue :
 There is beauty, love, and wit.
 Happy he can compass it !

GILES FLETCHER.

1588 ?—1623.

WORLD-GLORY'S WOOING SONG.

Love is the blossom where there blows
 Every thing that lives or grows :
 Love doth make the heavens to move,
 And the sun doth burn in love ;
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
 And makes the ivy climb the oak ;
 Under whose shadow lions wild,
 Soften'd by Love, grow tame and mild ;
 Love no medicine can appease ;
 He burns the fishes in the seas ;
 Not all the skill his wounds can staunch ;
 Not all the seas his fire can quench ;
 Love did make the bloody spear
 Once a leafy coat to wear,
 Whilst in his leaves there shrouded lay
 Sweet birds for love that sing and play :
 And of all Love's joyful frame
 I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me !
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See ! see the flowers that below
 Now as fresh as morning blow !
 And, of all, the virgin Rose
 That as bright Aurora shows :

How they all unleafed die,
 Losing their virginity,
 Like unto a summer shade,—
 But now born, and now they fade.
 Every thing doth pass away :
 There is danger in delay.
 Come ! come gather then the Rose !
 Gather it, or it you lose !
 All the sand of Tagus' shore
 In my bosom casts his ore ;
 All the valleys' swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne ;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruized to make me wine ;
 While ten thousand kings as proud
 To carry up my train have bow'd,
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me :
 All the stars in heaven that shine
 And ten thousand more are mine.
 Only bend thy knee to me !
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

JOHN FORD.

1586—1640.

DIRGE.

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease
 Can but please
 The outward senses when the mind
 Is or untroubled or by peace refined.
 Crowns may flourish and decay ;
 Beauties shine, but fade away ;
 Youth may revel, yet it must

Lie down in a bed of dust ;
Earthly honours flow and waste :
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
 Rest for care ;
Love only reigns in death, though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

NO MORE.

O, no more, no more ! too late
 Sighs are spent : the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as Fate,
 Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burn'd out : no heat, no light
Now remains ; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead : let lovers' eyes
 Lock'd in endless dreams,
 The extreme of all extremes,
Ope no more ! for now Love dies :
Now Love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever ever dying.

SHADOWS.

Fly hence, Shadows ! that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep.
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares :
Love and griefs are so express'd
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, Shadows ! that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep !

COMFORTS LASTING.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
 Like soft hours, never ceasing ;
 Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
 Without jars or tongues envying ;
 Hearts by holy union wedded,
 More than theirs by custom bedded ;
 Fruitful issues ; life so graced
 Not by age to be defaced,
 Budding as the year ensu'th,
 Every Spring another youth :
 All that thought can add beside,
 Crown this bridegroom and this bride !

NATHANIEL FIELD.

15**—1632.

MATIN SONG.

Rise, Lady Mistress ! rise !
 The night hath tedious been ;
 No sleep hath fallen into mine eyes,
 Nor slumbers made me sin.
 Is not She a saint then, say !
 Thought of whom keeps sin away ?

Rise Madam ! rise, and give me light,
 Whom darkness still will cover
 And ignorance, more dark than night,
 Till thou smile on thy lover.
 All want day till thy beauty rise :
 For the grey morn breaks from thine eyes.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

TO NIGHT.

O Night ! O jealous Night ! repugnant to my measures ;
O Night so long desired, yet cross to my content !
There's none but only thou that can perform my pleasures,
Yet none but only thou that hindereth my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps that burn too brightly,
Discover all my trains and naked lay my drifts :
That night by night I hope, yet fails my purpose nightly,
Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so my shifts.

Sweet Night ! withhold thy beams, withhold them till to-morrow,
Whose joys in lack so long a hell of torment breeds ;
Sweet Night, sweet gentle Night ! do not prolong my sorrow !
Desire is guide to me, and love no loadstar needs.

Let sailors gaze on stars and moon so freshly shining ;
Let them that miss the way be guided by the light :
I know my Lady's bower, there needs no more divining,
Affection sees in dark, and love hath eyes by night.

Dame Cynthia ! couch awhile, hold in thy horns from shining,
And glad not luring Night with thy too glorious rays ;
But be she dim and dark, tempestuous and repining,
That in her spite my sport may work thy endless praise.

And when thy will is wrought, then Cynthia ! shine, good lady !
All other nights and days, in honour of that night,—
That happy heavenly night, that night so dark and shady,
Wherein my love had eyes that lighted my delight.

HIS LADY'S GRIEF.

I saw my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe :
But such a woe, believe ! as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare ;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O, Fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
Enough ! enough ! your joyful look excels :
Tears kill the heart, believe !
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow !

LOVE ME NOT FOR COMELY GRACE !

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part ;
No ! nor for my constant heart !
For these may fail, or turn to ill :
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me well, yet know not why !
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

THE TOMB OF DESIRE.

When Venus saw Desire must die—
 Whom high Disdain
 Had justly slain
For killing Truth with scornful eye,—
The earth she leaves, and gets her to the sky :
 Her golden hair she tears ;
 Black weeds of woe she wears ;
For help unto her Father doth she cry :
 Who bids her stay a space,
 And hope for better grace.

To save his life she hath no skill :
 Whom should she pray ?
 What do, or say,
But weep for wanting of her will ?
Meantime Desire hath ta'en his last farewell,
 And in a meadow fair,
 To which the Nymphs repair,
His breathless corse is laid with worms to dwell.
 So glory doth decay
 When death takes life away.

When morning's star had chased the night,
 The Queen of Love
 Look'd from above,
To see the grave of her delight ;
And as with heedful eye she view'd the place,
 She spied a flower unknown,
 That on his grave was grown
Instead of learned verse, his tomb to grace.
 If you the name require,—
 Heart's-ease, from dead desire.

WEEP NO MORE!

Weep you no more, sad fountains !
 What need you flow so fast ?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
 But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ;
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,
 When fair at even he sets ?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping !

LOVE TILL DEATH.

There is a Lady, sweet and kind,—
 Was never face so pleased my mind !
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles :
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why :
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,
 Will make a lawyer burn his books :
 I touch'd her not,—alas ! not I :
 And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt my arms,—
 Judge, you that think such sports were harms !
 Were't any harm ? No, no ! fie, fie !
 For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confinèd there
 So long as Phœbus in his sphere,
 I to request, she to deny,
 Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
 Her country,—so my Love doth change :
 But change the earth or change the sky,
 Yet will I love her till I die.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

Since first I saw your face I resolved
 To honour and renown you :
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you.
 What, I that loved and you that liked,
 Shall we begin to wrangle ?
 No, no, no ! my heart is fast,
 And can not disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
 That fault you may forgive me ;
 Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,
 Then justly might you leave me.
 I ask'd your leave, you bade me love :
 Is't now a time to chide me ?
 No, no, no ! I'll love you still,
 What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder ;

And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Makes my poor eyes the bolder.
Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart ;—I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life ! I care not.

ON A BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN.

In this marble buried lies
Beauty may enrich the skies,
And add light to Phœbus' eyes.

Sweeter than Aurora's air,
When she paints the lilies fair
And gilds cowslips with her hair.

Chaster than the virgin Spring,
Ere her blossoms she doth bring,
Or cause Philomel to sing.

If such goodness live 'mongst men,
Bring me it ! I shall know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye standers by !
Cherish me, and say that I
Am the next design'd to die.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568—1639.

ON HIS MISTRESS,

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light !
 You common people of the skies !
 What are you when the Sun shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ! what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
 As if the Spring were all your own !
 What are you when the Rose is blown ?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In beauty of her form and mind,—
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,—
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 The eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR ROBERT AYTOUN.

1570—1637-8.

THE FORSAKEN.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee,
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee :

But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth everything it meets :
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells :
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like fair flowers, to be thrown aside :
And thou shalt sigh when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

1585—1649.

PHŒBUS, ARISE!

Phœbus ! arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red !
Rouse Memnon's Mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy carière with roses spread !
The nightingales thy coming each where sing :
Make an eternal Spring !
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead !
Spread forth thy golden hair

In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair !
Chase hence the ugly Night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light !

This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And Fates not hope betray)
Which only white deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king who all preserves !
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise ;

Nay ! suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear !
Now, Flora ! deck thyself in fairest guise !
If that ye, Winds ! would hear
A vōice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay !
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death !

The Winds all silent are ;
And Phœbus in his chair,
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star ;
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels ;
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue ;

The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue ;
Here is the pleasant place :
And every thing save Her who all should grace.

SONNETS.

That learned Grecian, who did so excel
In knowledge passing sense that he is named
Of all the after-worlds Divine, doth tell
That at the time when first our souls are framed,
Ere in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright rays of that Eternal Light
And others see, know, love, in heaven's great height,
Not toil'd with aught to reason doth rebel.
Most true it is : for straight at the first sight
My mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw the Idea of that face,
And loved a Love of heavenly pure delight.
No wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
Since I her loved ere on this earth she came.

Trust not, sweet Soul ! those curled waves of gold
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their burning rays behold ;
Nor voice whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told !
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice ;
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes !
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ay me ! not spare that Spring of yours.

Sweet Soul ! which in the April of thy years
 So to enrich the heaven madest poor this round,
 And now with golden rays of glory crown'd
 Most bless'd abidest above the sphere of spheres :
 If heavenly laws, alas ! have not thee bound
 From looking to this globe that all upbears,
 If ruth and pity there above be found,
 O deign to lend a look unto these tears !
 Do not disdain, dear Ghost ! this sacrifice ;
 And, though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
 Mine offerings take ! Let this for me suffice :
 My heart a living pyramid I raise.
 And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
 Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my delight and only pleasure,
 The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
 That clear'd my life's dark day, Nature's sweet treasure,
 More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
 What resteth now but that upon this mountain
 I weep till heaven transform me to a fountain ?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
 On whose smooth face to look She oft took pleasure !
 Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
 So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
 So may with gentle beams thee kiss the moon !)
 Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure ?

While She her glass'd in thee rich Tagus' treasure
 Thou envy needed not, nor yet the fountain
 In which the hunter saw the naked Moon ;
 Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
 And I remain like marigold, of sun
 Deprived, that dies, by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet Sylvens and the wondering Sun !
Whenas you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid Her farewell who placèd here her pleasure ;
And sing her praises to the stars and moon !

Among the lesser lights as is the Moon,
Blushing through scarf of clouds on Latmos mountain
Or when her silver locks she looks for pleasure
In Thetis' stream proud of so gay a treasure,
Such was my Fair when she sat by this fountain,
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous Sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprivèd is the moon,
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or wanting grass a mead, a vale, a mountain,—
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart !—eyes ! shun the sun ;
Tears be your treasure, which the wandering moon
Shall see you shed, by mountain, vale, and fountain !

ON THE DEATH OF LADY JANE MAITLAND.

The flower of virgins in her prime of years
By ruthless destinies is ta'en away
And rapt from earth, poor earth ! before this day
Which ne'er was rightly named a vale of tears.

Beauty to heaven is fled ; sweet Modesty
No more appears ; She whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes evanish'd are : She should have graced
A prince's marriage-bed ; but lo ! in heaven

Bless'd paramours to her were to be given ;
She lived an angel, now is with them placed.

Virtue was but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what She was in effect,
A shadow from her frame, which did reflect
A portrait by her excellences limn'd.

Thou ! whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st—" Here lies a branch of Maitland's stem
And Seaton's offspring," know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.
Tombs elsewhere rise life to their guests to give :
Those ashes can frail monuments make live.

ROBERT BURTON.

1576-8—1639-40.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I lie waking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise :
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so sad as melancholy !

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,

By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies,—then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so sour as melancholy !

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,—
Here now, then there, the world is mine :
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly :
None so sweet as melancholy !

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends,—my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so damn'd as melancholy !

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my Miss :
O blessed days ! O sweet content !
In Paradise my time is spent.

Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love !
All my joys to this are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits,—O mine hard fate !
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so harsh as melancholy !

Friends and companions ! get you gone !
'Tis my desire to be alone :
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

'Tis my sole plague to be alone :
I am a beast, a monster grown ;
I will no light, no company,
I find it now my misery :
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so fierce as melancholy !

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am : can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile ?
Do not, O do not trouble me !
So sweet content I feel and see,

All my joys to this are folly :
None so divine as melancholy !

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch ;
My pain past cure, another hell,
I may not in this torment dwell.
Now desperate, I hate my life :
Lend me a halter or a knife !
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so damn'd as melancholy !

GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1667.

WHAT CARE ?

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the Day,
 Or the flowery meads in May,—
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind,
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,—
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?

Or her well-deserving known
 Make me quite forget mine own ?
 Be she with that goodness bless'd
 Which may gain her name of Best,—
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and die ?
 Those that bear a noble mind,
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think what with them they would do
 That without them dare to woo :
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I, though great she be ?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will none the more despair :
 If she love me (this believe !)
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go,—
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

RESPECTFUL LOVE.

I

What is the cause when I elsewhere resort
 I have my gestures and discourse more free,
 And if I please can any Beauty court,
 Yet stand so dull and so demure by thee ?
 Why are my speeches broken whilst I talk ?
 Why do I fear almost thy hand to touch ?
 Why dare I not embrace thee as we walk,
 Since with the greatest nymphs I've dared as much ?
 Ah ! know that none of these I e'er affected,

And therefore used a careless courtship there :
 Because I neither their disdain respected,
 Nor reckon'd them nor their embracings dear.
 But loving Thee my love hath found content,
 And rich delights in things indifferent.

2

Why covet I thy blessed eyes to see,
 Whose sweet aspect may cheer the saddest mind?
 Why when our bodies must divided be
 Can I no hour of rest or pleasure find?
 Why do I sleeping start, and waking moan
 To find that of my dreamed hopes I miss?
 Why do I often contemplate alone
 Of such a thing as thy perfection is?
 And wherefore when we meet doth passion stop
 My speechless tongue and leave me in a panting?
 Why doth my heart, o'ercharged with fear and hope,
 In spite of reason almost droop to fainting?
 Because in me thy excellences moving
 Have drawn to me an excellence in loving.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1588-91—1643-5.

SIRENS' SONG.

Steer, hither steer your winged pines,
 All beaten mariners !
 Here lie Love's undiscover'd mines,
 A prey to passengers ;
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best
 Which make the phœnix' urn and nest :
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips ;
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more !

For swelling waves our panting breasts
 Where never storms arise
 Exchange, and be awhile our guests !
 For stars gaze on our eyes !
 The compass Love shall hourly sing ;
 And as he goes about the ring
 We will not miss
 To tell each point he nameth, with a kiss.
 Then come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more !

WHOM I LOVE.

Shall I tell you whom I love ?
 Hearken then awhile to me !
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versify,
 Be assured 'tis she, or none,
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
 As she scorns the help of Art,
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart :
 So much good, so truly tried,
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
 To make known how much she hath ;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath,—
 Full of pity as may be :
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense ;
 And her virtues grace her birth ;
 Lovely as all excellence ;
 Modest in her most of mirth :

Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is : and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so
That she be but sometime young,
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WELCOME.

Welcome ! welcome ! do I sing,—
Far more welcome than the Spring :
He, that parteth from you never,
Shall enjoy a Spring forever.

Love, that to the voice is near
Breaking from your ivory pale
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.
Welcome ! welcome then I sing——

Love that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome ! welcome then I sing——

Love that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome ! welcome then I sing——

Love to whom your soft lips yield,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the field
Never, never shall be missing.
Welcome ! welcome then I sing——

Love that question would anew
 What fair Eden was of old,
 Let him rightly study you,
 And a brief of that behold !
 Welcome ! welcome then I sing !
 Far more welcome than the Spring :
 He, that parteth from you never,
 Shall enjoy a Spring for ever.

MARINA.

Marina's gone : and now sit I
 As Philomela (on a thorn,
 Turn'd out of Nature's livery),
 Mirthless, alone, and all forlorn :
 Only she sings not, while my sorrows can
 Breathe forth such notes as fit a dying swan.

So shuts the marigold her leaves
 At the departure of the sun ;
 So from the honeysuckle sheaves
 The bee goes when the day is done ;
 So sits the turtle when she is but one ;
 And so all woe, as I, since She is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
 Made all the summer as one day :
 Which once enjoy'd, cold Winter's wrath,
 As night, they sleeping pass away.
 Those happy creatures are, that know not yet
 The pain to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
 Some that with confidence profess
 The helpful Art of Memory :
 But could they teach forgetfulness,
 I'd learn ; and try what further art could do
 To make me love her and forget her too.

Sad Melancholy, that persuades
Men from themselves, to think they be
Headless or other bodies' shades,
Hath long and bootless dwelt with me :
For could I think She some Idea were,
I still might love, forget, and have her here.

But such She is not : nor would I,
For twice as many torments more
As her bereavèd company
Hath brought to those I felt before :
For then no future time might hap to know
That She deserved or I did love her so.

Ye hours then but as minutes be
(Though so I shall be sooner old)
Till I those lovely graces see
Which but in Her can none behold !
Then be an age ! that we may never try
More grief in parting, but grow old and die.

A ROUND.

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green liveries for the plains,
And every grove a quire :

Sing we a song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowl !
Then, Here's to thee ! And thou to me !
And every thirsty soul !

Nor Care nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
Nor never shall do mine ;
I have no cradle going yet,—
Nor I, by this good wine !

No wife at home to send for me,
 No hogs are in my ground,
 No suit at law to pay a fee :
 Then round, old Jockey ! round !

Shear sheep that have them ! cry we still ;
 But see that no man 'scape
 To drink of the sherry
 That makes us so merry
 And plump as the lusty grape !

THOMAS CAREW.

1589—1639.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose !
 For in your beauty's orient deep
 These flowers, as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
 The golden atoms of the Day !
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale when May is past !
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downwards fall in dead of night !
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fix'd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest !

For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

LOVE'S ETERNITY.

How ill doth he deserve a Lover's name
Whose pale weak flame
Can not retain

His heat in spite of absence or disdain,
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire !

True Love can never change his seat ;
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled ;

Nor shall my love die when my body's dead :
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade ;

My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, forever burn.

OUTER BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

CHLORIS IN THE SNOW.

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
 When feather'd rain came softly down,—
 Then Jove descended from his Tower
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The wanton snow flew to her breast,
 Like little birds into their nest ;
 But overcome with whiteness there
 For grief it thaw'd into a tear ;
 Then, falling down her garment hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

THOMAS GOFFE.

1592—1627.

TO SLEEP.

Drop golden showers, gentle Sleep !
 And all ye Angels of the Night
 Which do us in protection keep,
 Make this Queen dream of delight !
 Morpheus ! kind a little, be
 Death's now true image, for 'twill prove
 To this poor Queen that thou art he :
 Her grave is made i' the bed of Love.
 Thus with sweet sweets can Heaven mix gall,
 And marriage turn to funeral.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1592-3—1632-4.

THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

Sweet Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,—
 The dews shall weep thy fall to-night :
 For thou must die !

: Sweet Rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,—
Thy root is ever in its grave ;
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
A box whose sweets compacted lie,—
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind ;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh :
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit :
His words and works, and fashion too,

All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts, or thaws,
At close temptations ; when the day is done
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.

The sun to others writeth laws
And is their virtue : virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way ;

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias from his will,
To writhe his limbs and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the marksman safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

THE PULLEY.

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,—

Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span !

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :

When almost all was out God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness !
 Let him be rich and weary that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast !

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1592—1644.

WORLD'S FALSENESS.

False World ! thou liest : thou canst not lend
 The least delight ;
 Thy favours can not gain a friend,
 They are so slight ;
 Thy morning pleasures make an end
 To please at night ;
 Poor are the wants that thou suppliest :
 And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou viest
 With Heaven : fond Earth ! thou boast'st ; false World ! thou
 liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
 Of endless treasure ;
 Thy bounty offers easy sales
 Of lasting pleasure ;
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
 And swear'st to ease her ;
 There's none can want where thou suppliest,
 There's none can give where thou deniest :
 Alas, fond World ! thou boast'st ; false World ! thou liest.

What well-advisèd ear regards
 What Earth can say ?
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
 Are painted clay ;
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards
 Thou canst not play ;

Thy game at weakest still thou viest ;
 If seen and then revied, deniest :
 Thou art not what thou seem'st : false World ! thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
 Of new-coin'd treasure ;
 A paradise that has no stint,
 No change, no measure :
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth nor pleasure !
 Vain Earth that falsely thus compliest
 With Man ! vain Man that thus reliest
 On Earth ! Vain Man ! thou doat'st ; vain Earth ! thou liest.

What mean dull souls in this high measure
 To haberdash
 In Earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash,
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash ?
 Are these the goods that thou suppliest
 Us mortals with ? Are these the highest ?
 Can these bring cordial peace ! False World ! thou liest.

HENRY KING.

1591-2—1669.

THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of Man's Life
 But open war or slumber'd strife,
 Where sickness to his sense presents
 The combat of the elements,
 And never feels a perfect peace
 Till death's cold hand signs his release ?

It is a storm, where the hot blood
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;

And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower, which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose Spring and Fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth,
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are,
Till in the midst of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about,
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include :
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears :
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

THE FORFEITURE

TO HIS WIFE.

My Dearest ! to let you or the world know
What debt of service I do truly owe

To your unpattern'd self were to require
 A language only form'd in the desire
 Of him that writes. It is the common fate
 Of greatest duties to evaporate
 In silent meaning, as we often see
 Fires by their too much fuel smother'd be :
 Small obligations may find vent, and speak,
 When greater the unable debtor break.
 And such are mine to you, whose favour'd store
 Hath made me poorer than I was before :
 For I want words and language to declare
 How strict my bond, or large your bounties are.

Since nothing in my desperate fortune found
 Can payment make, nor yet the sum compound,
 You must lose all or else of force accept
 The body of a bankrupt for your debt.
 Then, Love ! your bond to execution sue,
 And take myself as forfeited to you !

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591-4—1674.

TO JULIA.

Her lamp the glow-worm lend thee !
 The shooting stars attend thee !
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

 No Will-o'the-Wisp mislight thee !
 Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee !
 But on ! on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee !

 Let not the dark thee cumber !
 What though the moon does slumber,

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia ! let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me :
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils ! we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon :
Stay ! stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song !
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything :
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree !
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past

But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid Good-Night ?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, Maids of Honour !
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many
Fresh and fair :
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the Maiden Posies
And, so graced,
To be placed
'Fore Damask Roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor Girls ! neglected.

THE TEAR.

Glide, gentle Streams ! and bear
Along with you my tear
To that coy Girl
Who smiles, yet slays
Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl.

See ! see ! She's yonder set,
Making a carcanet
Of maiden flowers :
There, there present
This orient
And pendant pearl of ours !

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store ;
And that is all
Which I can send
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once dry ;
But I'll devise
(Among the rest)
A way that's best
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say, should She condemn
Me to surrender them,—
Then say, my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poor yet loving heart.

Say too, She would have this :
She shall. Then my hope is
That, when I'm poor,
And nothing have
To send or save,
I'm sure She'll ask no more.

TO WATER-NYMPHS

DRINKING AT A FOUNTAIN.

Reach with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring !
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet Nymphs ! do you but this :
To the glass your lips incline,
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turn'd to wine.

TO ELECTRA.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this
I might grow proud the while.

No ! no ! the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

A VALENTINE.

Choose me your Valentine !
Next, let us marry !
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise and keep your vows,
Or vow you never !
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear ! to undo me.
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

TO DAISIES.

Shut not so soon ! the dull-eyed Night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are,
No shadows great appear,
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but until my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye :
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596—1667.

DEATH THE CONQUEROR.

Victorious men of earth ! no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are !
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs ! must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill :
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

EARTHLY GLORIES.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strung nerves at last must yield :
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to Fate
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow :
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds !
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

THE PASSING-BELL'

Hark, how chimes the Passing-Bell !
There's no music to a knell.
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter and but cheat our ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resign'd
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
He that on his pillow lies,
Tear-embalm'd before he dies,
Carries like a sheep his life
To meet the sacrificer's knife ;
And for eternity is press'd,
Sad bell-wether to the rest.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

When this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think ! that lovely face was meant
To dress another by.
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allow'd
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

TO ONE SAYING SHE WAS OLD.

Tell me not Time hath play'd the thief
Upon her beauty ! My belief
Might have been mock'd, and I had been
An heretic, if I had not seen.
My Mistress is still fair to me,

And now I all those graces see
 That did adorn her virgin brow :
 Her eye hath the same flame in't now
 To kill or save,—the chemist's fire
 Equally burns, so my desire ;
 Not any rose-bud less within
 Her cheek ; the same snow on her chin ;
 Her voice that heavenly music bears
 First charm'd my soul, and in my ears
 Did leave it trembling ; her lips are
 The self-same lovely twins they were ;—
 After so many years I miss
 No flower in all my Paradise.
 Time ! I despise thy rage and thee :
 Thieves do not always thrive, I see.

WILLIAM STRODE.

1600 ?—1644.

A COMMENDATION OF MUSIC.

When whispering strains do softly steal
 With creeping passion through the heart,
 And when at every touch we feel
 Our pulses beat and bear a part,—
 When threads can make
 A heart-string quake,—
 Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we feign
 Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
 Which only thus we can explain
 By music of the winged host,—
 Whose lays we think
 Make stars to wink,—

Philosophy
 Can scarce deny
 Our soul consists of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air !
 My senses rock with wonder sweet !
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;
 Soft, like a spirit, are thy feet.
 Grief who needs fear
 That hath an ear ?
 Down let him lie,
 And slumbering die,
 And change his soul for harmony !

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

1605—1634-5.

TO MR. ANTHONY STAFFORD.

To hasten him into the country.

Come, spur away !
 I have no patience for a longer stay,
 But must go down,
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town :
 I will the country see
 Where old Simplicity,
 Though hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
 Than Foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewell, you city wits ! that are
 Almost at civil war :
 'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world goes mad.

More of my days
 I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puny of the Inns of Court.

Then, worthy Stafford ! say !
 How shall we spend the day,
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights ?
 When from this tumult we are got secure,
 Where Mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose,
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

 There from the tree
 We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome country-girls make hay,—
 Whose brown hath lovelier grace
 Than any painted face
 That I do know
 Hyde Park can show,—
 Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate)
 The beauties of the Cheap and wives of Lombard Street.

 But think upon
 Some other pleasures ! these to me are none.
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate ?
 I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed ;
 My Muse is she
 My Love shall be.
 Let clowns get wealth and heirs ! When I am gone,
 And the great bugbear, grisly Death,
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

 Of this no more !
 We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store :
 No fruit shall 'scape

Our palates, from the damson to the grape ;
Then full we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made,
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire,
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes.
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky !
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly ;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare,
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose ;
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be :
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free ;
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody :
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605—1654.

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR.

Fair Madam ! you
May see what's man in yon bright rose :
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is oppress'd and bends with dew.

Which shows, though Fate
May promise still to warm our lips,
And keep our eyes from an eclipse,
It will our pride with tears abate.

Poor silly flower !
Though on thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the Spring perfume,
Thou may'st be cropp'd this very hour.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be to rest
On the pillow of some Lady's breast,
Thou'lt wither and be thrown away.

For 'tis thy doom,
However, that there shall appear
No memory that thou grew'st here,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to foresee
How loathed a nothing it must be,—
Proud in the triumphs of its growth ;

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And wear by the age of Time away,
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But, Madam ! these
 Are thoughts to cure sick human pride ;
 And medicines are in vain applied
 To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
 As the Angels, in one perfect state :
 Safe from the ruins of our fate
 By virtue's great preservative.

And though we see
 Beauty enough to warm each heart,
 Yet you, by a chaste chemic art,
 Calcine frail love to piety.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

You who are earth and can not rise
 Above your sense,
 Boasting the envied wealth which lies
 Bright in your Mistress' lips or eyes,
 Betray a pitied eloquence.

That which doth join *our* souls so light
 And quick doth move
 That, like the eagle in his flight,
 It doth transcend all human sight,
 Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this who sing
 The praise of dust,
 But kneaded, when by theft you bring
 The rose and lily from the Spring
 To adorn the wrinkled face of Lust.

When *we* speak love, nor art nor wit
 We gloss upon :
 Our souls engender, and beget
 Ideas,—which you counterfeit
 In your dull propagation.

While Time seven ages shall disperse
We'll talk of love ;
And when our tongues hold no commerce
Our thoughts shall mutually converse,
And yet the blood no rebel prove.

And though we be of several kind,
Fit for offence,
Yet are we so by love refined
From impure dross, we are all mind :
Death could not more have conquer'd sense.

How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay !
Prometheus-like when we steal fire
From heaven, 'tis endless and entire ;
It may know age, but not decay.

FINE YOUNG FOLLY.

Fine young Folly ! though you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart :
For we courtiers learn at school
Only with your sex to fool ;
You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms and wondering stand,
Holding parley with your eye ;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires :
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle Soul ! you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit ;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to show my wit.

Therefore, Madam ! wear no cloud,
 Nor to check my love grow proud :
 For in sooth I much do doubt
 'Tis the powder in your hair,
 Not your breath, perfumes the air ;
 And your clothes that set you out.

Yet, though truth has this confess'd,
 And I vow I love in jest,
 When I next begin to court
 And protest an amorous flame
 You will swear I earnest am :—
 Bedlam ! this is pretty sport.

CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade,
 My Castara lives unknown,
 To no looser eye betray'd :
 For she's to herself untrue
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
 Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace ;
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood :
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant ;
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands ;

And so innocent, that ill
 She nor acts nor understands.
 Women's feet run still astray
 If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
 Where oft Virtue splits her mast ;
 And retiredness thinks the port
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Virtue safely can not sit
 Where Vice is enthroned for Wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
 Where sin waits not on delight ;
 Without masque, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night,
 O'er that darkness whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep, if governs lust.

She her throne makes Reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie ;
 And each article of time
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
 All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vows to me.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

1605-6—1668.

DAY-BREAK.

The lark now leaves his watery nest
 And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings :
 He takes this window for the East,
 And to implore your light he sings.
 Awake ! awake ! the Morn will never rise
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star ;
The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his Mistress wakes.
Awake ! awake ! break through your veils of lawn ;
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn !

EDMUND WALLER.

1605—1687.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done !

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be !

Tell her, that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired !

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share
 They are so wondrous sweet and fair.

STAY, PHŒBUS !

Stay, Phœbus ! stay !
 The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day
 From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books
 Which made you move
 About the world : Her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I so untimely forth
 Into a world which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity,
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love ?

Yet, Fairest Blossom ! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon :

The rosy morn resigns her light
 And milder glory to the noon ;
 And then what wonders shall you do
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so ?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime ;
 And Summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination or decay :
 For with a full hand that does bring
 All that was promised by the Spring.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1608-9—1642.

A BALLAD OF A WEDDING.

I tell thee, Dick ! where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen,
 O, things beyond compare !
 Such sights again can not be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
 There is a House with stairs ;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such volk as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Among the rest One pest'lent fine,
 His beard no bigger though than thine,
 Walk'd on before the best :
 Our Landlord looks like nothing to him ;
 The King, God bless him ! 'twould undo him
 Should he go still so dress'd.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town,
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him stay'd :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the Maid.

The Maid,—and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a Maid no Widson ale
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck ;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light ;
But, Dick ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do't in sight ;
And then she look'd as who would say
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,—
Who seeks them is undone :
For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,—
Some bee had stung it newly :
But, Dick ! her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in Jùly.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely ;
And did the Youth so oft the feat
At night as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion o' me ! how I run on :
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the Bride :
The business of the kitchen's great,

For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
Healts first go round, and then the house,—
The Bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth :
And who could help it ? Dick !

O' the sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance ;
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the Bride,
But that he must not know :
But it was thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO.

Thou think'st I flatter, when thy praise I tell,
 But thou dost all hyperboles excell;
 For I am sure thou art no mortal creature,
 But a divine one throned in human feature.
 Thy piety is such that Heaven by merit,
 If ever any did, thou should'st inherit:
 Thy modesty is such that had'st thou been
 Tempted as Eve thou would'st have shun'd her sin.
 So lovely fair thou art that sure Dame Nature
 Meant thee the Pattern of the Female Creature;
 Besides all this thy flowing wit is such
 That were it not for thee 't had been too much
 For Woman kind; should Envy look thee o'er,
 It would confess thus much, if not much more.
 I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
 For, sure I am thou art too good for me.

SUCH CONSTANCY.

Out upon it! I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays
 Had it any been but She.

Had it any been but She,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE?

Why so pale and wan? fond lover!
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute? young sinner!
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
 This can not take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The Devil take her!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

1607—1666.

OF BEAUTY.

Let us use it while we may
 Snatch those joys that haste away!
 Earth her winter coat may cast,
 And renew her beauty past:
 But, our winter come, in vain
 We solicit Spring again;
 And when our furrows snow shall cover
 Love may return, but never lover.

JOHN MILTON.

1608—1674.

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late Spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Tow'rd which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy !
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings !
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell !—
But come, thou Goddess ! fair and free,
In Heaven yclept Euphrosynè,
And by men heart-easing Mirth !
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth

With two sister Graces more,
To ivy crowned Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph ! and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides !
Come ! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe !
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty !
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth ! admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unprovèd pleasures free :
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid Good-Morrow
Through the sweet-briar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine,—
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern Gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,—
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale !—
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns, and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,—
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes ;
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,—
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat :
How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd and pull'd—she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night ere glimpse of morn
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,—
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,—
And crop-full out of door he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings :
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please as then,
And the busy hum of men :
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold ;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear ;
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry :
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream !
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild !
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse !
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony :
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydicè.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth ! with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys !
The brood of Folly, without father bred :
How little you bested

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain ;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams—
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train !—
But hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy !
Hail ! divinest melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue,—
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's Sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop Queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore,—
His daughter she, in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun ! devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn :
Come ! but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast !
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing !
And add to these retirèd Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure !
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the Fiery-wheeled Throne,
The Cherub Contemplation !
And the mute silence hiest along :
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke
Gently o'er the accusom'd oak !
Sweet Bird ! that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy :
Thee, chantress ! oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray,
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore

Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by !
Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But O, sad Virgin ! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made hell grant what love did seek ;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambùscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,

And who had Canacè to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is mean'd than meets the ear !
Thus, Night ! oft see me in thy pale career.
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess ! bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves :
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt !
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream

Wave at his wings, in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid !
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood !
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light !
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes !
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew
And every herb that sips the dew :
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain !—
These pleasures, Melancholy ! give !
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels ! and once more,
Ye myrtles brown ! with ivy never sere !
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead,—dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas,—and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring !
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string !
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse !

So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Tow'rd heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd ! thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn.
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
 When first the white-thorn blows,—
 Such, Lycidas ! thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs ! when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me ! I fondly dream—
 Had ye been there,—for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal Nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
 And slits the thin-spun life. “ But not the praise ! ”

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears :
“ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove :
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed ! ”

O fountain Arethuse ! and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds !
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings :
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
The air was calm ; and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went, footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe :
“ Ah ! who hath reft,” quoth he, “ my dearest pledge ? ”
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake :
Two massive keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake.

“ How well could I have spared for thee, young Swain !
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold :
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind Mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs.
What recks it them ? what need they ? they are sped ;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw :
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”—

Return, Alpheus ! the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse !
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers !
Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies !
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise !
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away. Where'er thy bones are hurl'd,—
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold,
Look homeward, Angel ! now, and melt with ruth !
And O, ye dolphins ! waft the hapless youth !—

Weep no more, woeful shepherds ! weep no more :
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial-song
In the bless'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas ! the shepherds weep no more :
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey :
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new !

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still !
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh,
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why !
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell ! our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,~
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw !

TO SIR HARRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

Vane ! young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace or to unfold
The drift of hollow States hard to be spell'd ;
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage ; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done :
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe.
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold :
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not ! In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks ! Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant ! that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold who, having learn'd thy way,
 Early may flee the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account lest he returning chide,—
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?”
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies—“God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly : thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son !
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well-touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

Cyriack ! this three years' day these eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot ;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend ! to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain masque,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espousèd Saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great Son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from Death by Force : though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the Old Law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
 Her face was veil'd ; yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

LUCIUS CARY.

(VISCOUNT FALKLAND.) 1610—1643.

AN EPITAPH.

The chief perfections of both sexes join'd,
 With neither's vice nor vanity combined,
 Of this our age the wonder, love, and care,
 The example of the following, and despair :
 Such beauty that from all hearts love must flow,
 Such majesty that none durst tell her so :
 A wisdom of so large and potent sway,
 Rome's Senate might have wish'd, her Conclave may :
 Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,
 Alive she was scarce less in heaven than now :
 So void of the least pride, to her alone
 These radiant excellences seem'd unknown :
 Such once there was, but let thy grief appear !
 Reader ! there is not. Huntingdon lies here.

THOMAS NABBES.

1612?—1645.

HER REAL WORTH.

What though with figures I should raise
 Above all height my Mistress' praise,
 Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
 The fairest June did e'er disclose,
 Her forehead lilies, and her eyes
 The luminaries of the skies ;
 That on her lips ambrosia grows,
 And from her kisses nectar flows ?
 Two great hyperbolès ! unless
 She loves me she is none of these.
 But if her heart and her desires
 Do answer mine with equal fires,
 These attributes are then too poor :
 She is all these, and ten times more.

JAMES GRAHAME.

(MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.) 1612-13—1650.

TO HIS LOVE.

My dear and only Love ! I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone :
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

And I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part
Or dare to vie with me,—
Or Committees if thou erect
And go on such a score,—

I'll mock and smile at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1615—1652.

WISHES.

TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied Fate stand forth
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

Till that Divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

Meet her, my Wishes !
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be you call'd my absent kisses.—

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty

To gaudy tire or glistering shoe-tye,—

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather or rich fan,—

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile ;

A face that's best
By its own beauty dress'd,
And can alone commend the rest,—

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope ;

A cheek where youth
And blood, with pen of truth
Write what their reader sweetly ru'th,—

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box its being owes ;

Lips where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away ;

Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
Themselves in simple nakedness ;

Eyes that displace
The neighbour diamond and outface
That sun-shine by their own sweet grace ;

Tresses that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are,—

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play,—

Each ruby there
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear ;

A well-tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart ;

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe ;

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm ;

Blushes that been
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within ;

Joys that confess
Virtue for their Mistress,
And have no other head to dress ;

Fears fond, and flight,
As the coy bride's when night
First does the longing lover right ;

Tears quickly fled
And vain, as those are shed
For dying maidenhead ;

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow,—

Days that, in spite

Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night ;

Nights sweet as they
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day ;

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say—Welcome, friend ;

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers ;

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lours ;

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of Night.

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and Ornament the shame !

Her flattery
Picture and poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be !

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows,

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise

A trophy to her present praise,

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see,
I seek no further—it is She.

'Tis She : and here
Lo I unclothe and clear
My Wishes' cloudy character.

May She enjoy it
Whose merit dares apply it
But modesty dares still deny it !

Such Worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies ! fly before ye !
Be you my fictions, but Her Story !

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615—1668.

INVOCATION TO MORPHEUS.

Morpheus, the humble God that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful God !
And thy leaden charmed rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethæan Lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake !
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature ! alas ! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe ?

Sleep, that is thy best repast,
 Yet of death it bears a taste :
 And both are the same thing at last.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618—1658.

*THE GRASSHOPPER.**To my noble friend Mr. Charles Cotton.*

O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,
 Drunk every night with a delicious tear
 Dropp'd thee from heaven, where thou wast rear'd !

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly ;
 And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
 To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcomest then,
 Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams ;
 And all these merry days makest merry men,
 Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But, ah ! the sickle ! golden ears are cropp'd,
 Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night,
 Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topp'd,
 And what scythes spared winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool, and now green ice ! thy joys
 (Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass)
 Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rains, and poise
 Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends ! we will create
 A genuine summer in each other's breast
 And, spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
 Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally,
 As Vestal flames ; the North-Wind, he
 Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve, and fly
 This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail the usurping of his reign ;
 But, when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
 From the light casements where we play,
 And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
 And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we
 That, asking nothing, nothing need.
 Though lord of all that seas embrace, yet he
 That wants himself is poor indeed.

TO ALTHEA.

(FROM PRISON.)

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates,—
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd to her eye,—
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames,—
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,—

Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When like committed linnets I
With shriller note shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King,—
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage :
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA.

ON HIS GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, Sweet ! I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly !

True, a new Mistress now I chase,—
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore :
I could not love thee, Dear ! so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1667.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb !
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.
Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow !
Thou golden shower of a true Jove,
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth make love !
Hail ! active Nature's watchful life and health,
Her joy, her ornament, her wealth !
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee !
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he
Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly ?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine :
From thy great Sire they came, thy sire the Word Divine.
'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow
Upon thy ancient Arms, the gaudy heavenly Bow.
Swift as light, thoughts their empty career run ;
Thy race is finish'd when begun :
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.
Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal Spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move ;
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright ;
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night :
Ashamed, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted Dreams a busy swarm :
At the first opening of thine eye
The various Clusters break, the antic Atoms fly.

The guilty serpents and obscener beasts
Creep conscious to their secret rests :
Nature to thee does reverence pay ;
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of the way.

At thy appearance Grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head ;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance Fear itself grows bold,—
Thy sunshine melts away his cold :
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place ;
To darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
 Out of the Morning's purple bed,
 Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
 A Body's privilege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
 Is but thy several liveries :
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the Rose thou wear'st ;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
 The virgin Lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked Light.

The Violet, Spring's little infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple swaddling bands ;
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,—
Thou clothest it in a gay and parti-colour'd coat.

With flame condensed thou dost the Jewel fix,
 And solid colours in it mix :
 Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold,
 And be less liberal to Gold :
 Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! mightst thou poor Man relieve.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair Days much fairer are :
 But few, ah! wondrous few there be
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess! even to Thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river dost thou glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows,
Takes there possession, and does make
Of colours mingled Light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
In the Empyrean Heaven does stay :
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

THE WISH.

Well then ! I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah ! yet ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have ;
And a few friends and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A Mistress moderately fair,
As good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me !

O fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy ?
O fields ! O woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?

Here's the spring-head of pleasures' flood ;
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury
 Where all the riches lie that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for good !

Pride and ambition here
 Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter ;
 And nought but Echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended, hither
 From heaven did always choose their way :
 And therefore we may boldly say
 That 'tis the way to thither.

How happy here should I
 And one dear She live, and embracing die !
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear :
 Lest men, when they my pleasure see,
 Should hither throng to live like me ;
 And so make a City here.

AGAINST ADORNMENT.

Tyrian dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure linens o'er your skin,
 Your skin that's whiter far,—
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star ?

Why bears your neck a golden chain ?
 Did Nature make your hair in vain
 Of gold most pure and fine ?
 With gems why do you shine ?
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

I would have all my Mistress' parts
 Owe more to Nature than to Arts ;
 I would not woo the dress,
 Or One whose nights give less
 Contentment than the day :
 She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a Court,
 Or pomp, but 'tis the King's resort :
 If Jupiter down pour
 Himself and in a shower
 Hide such bright Majesty,
 Less than a golden one it can not be.

AN EPITAPH.

Underneath this marble stone
 Lie two Beauties join'd in One :
 Two whose loves death could not sever,
 For both lived, both died together ;
 Two whose souls, being too divine
 For earth, in their own sphere now shine ;
 Who have left their loves to fame,
 And their earth to earth again.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

1618—1702.

THE HEART-MAGNET.

Shall I, hopeless, then pursue
 A fair shadow that still flies me ?
 Shall I still adore and woo
 A proud heart that does despise me ?
 I a constant love may so,
 But, alas ! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
 Of two crossing stars still sail,
 That do shine, but shine in spite,
 Not to guide but make me fail?
 I a wandering course may steer,
 But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess
 Reason passion would o'ersway,
 Bidding me my flames suppress
 Or divert some other way :
 But what reason would pursue,
 That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
 Search for some unfound-out land,
 Does with him the magnet take,
 Sailing to the unknown strand :
 But that, steer which way he will,
 To the lovèd North points still.

FALSE LYCORIS.

Lately, by clear Thames, his side,
 Fair Lycoris I espied,
 With the pen of her white hand
 These words printing on the sand :
 None Lycoris doth approve
 But Mirtillo for her love.
 Ah, false Nymph ! those words were fit
 In sand only to be writ :
 For the quickly rising streams
 Of Oblivion and the Thames
 In a little moment's stay
 From the shore wash'd clean away
 What thy hand had there impress'd,
 And Mirtillo from thy breast.

RICHARD BROME.

16**—1652.

BEGGARS' SONG.

Come ! come away ! the Spring,
By every bird that can but sing
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth to taste of his delight,
In field, in grove, on hill, in dale ;
But above all the nightingale,
Who in her sweetness strives to outdo
The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.
Cuckoo ! cries he ; jug, jug, jug ! sings she :
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we ?

Come away ! Why do we stay ?
We have no debt or rent to pay ;
No bargains or accompts to make ;
Nor land nor lease, to let or take.
Or if we had, should that remove us
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we pass and make resort
It is our kingdom and our court.
Cuckoo ! cries he ; jug, jug, jug ! sings she :
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we ?

ALEXANDER BROME.

1625—1666.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice

That like an angel sings !
 Though, if I were to take my choice,
 I would have all these things.
 But if that thou wilt have me love,
 And it must be a She,
 The only argument can move
 Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
 But metaphors of things,
 And but resemble what we see
 Each common object brings :
 Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
 Lilies their whiteness stain ;
 What fool is he that shadows seeks
 And may the substance gain ?
 Then if thou'lt have me love a Lass,
 Let it be one that's kind !
 Else I'm a servant to the glass
 That's with Canary lined.

PALINODE.

No more, no more of this, I vow !
 'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
 Which few but fools call wit.
 There was a time when I begun,
 And now 'tis time I should have done
 And meddle no more with it :
 He physic's use doth quite mistake,
 Who physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
 Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
 Inspired my brain and blood ;
 And made me then converse with toys
 Which are call'd Muses by the boys,
 And dabble in their flood.

I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,

And business checks my love :
What need I take a needless toil
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
Since no design can move?
For now the cause is ta'en away
What reason is't the effect should stay?

'Tis but a folly now for me
To spend my time and industry
About such useless wit :
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh, but can not tell
Where't be at me or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that can not write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
The premium is so small :
To be call'd Poet and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays,—
This is no wit at all.
Wit only good to sport and sing
Is a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it but in's own defence,
Ne'er learn'd but of his Gran'am !
He that can buy and sell and cheat
May quickly make a shift to get
His thousand pound *per annum* ;
And purchase without more ado
The poems, and the poet too.

ANDREW MARVELL.

1621—1678.

*THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C.**In a prospect of flowers.*

See! with what simplicity
 This Nymph begins her golden days.
 In the green grass she loves to lie,
 And there with her fair aspect tames
 The wilder flowers, and gives them names;
 But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
 What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
 This Darling of the Gods was born?
 Yet this is She whose chaster laws
 The wanton Love shall one day fear,
 And, under her command severe,
 See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
 Happy who can
 Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound;
 And parley with those conquering eyes
 Ere they have tried their force to wound,
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise!
 Let me be laid
 Where I may see the glories from some shade!

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,

Reform the errors of the Spring !
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair ;
 And roses of their thorns disarm ;
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure !

But O, Young Beauty of the Woods !
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds !
 Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
 —To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make the example yours ;
 And, ere we see,
 Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
 The nightingale does sit so late,
 And, studying all the summer night,
 Her matchless songs does meditate !

Ye country comets, that portend
 No war nor prince's funeral,
 Shining unto no higher end
 Than to presage the grass's fall !

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
 To wandering mowers shows the way,
 That in the night have lost their aim
 And after foolish fires do stray !

Your courteous lights in vain you waste
 Since Juliana here is come :
 For she my mind hath so displaced
 That I shall never find my home.

*HORATIAN ODE.**Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.*

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star ;

And, like the three-fork'd lightning first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy ;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent,
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of heavens angry flame ;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where

He lived reservèd and austere
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old
 Into another mould.

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain :
 But those do hold or break
 As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater Spirits come.

What field of all the Civil War
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art,—

Where, twining subtle fears with hope
He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
 While round the armed bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,

But bow'd his comely head
Down as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So, when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run :
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much can one man do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confess'd
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit is he to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs ;

And has his sword and spoil ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt :
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where when he first does lure
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?

What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he ere long to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climactèric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaïd :

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's Son !
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect !

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

CLORINDA AND DAMON.

CLORINDA

Damon ! come drive thy flocks this way !

DAMON

No ! 'Tis too late they went astray.

CLORINDA

I have a grassy 'scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride :
The grass I aim to feed thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.

DAMON

Grass withers and the flowers too fade.

CLORINDA

Seize the short joys then ere they vade !
Seest thou that unfrequented cave ?

DAMON

That den ?

CLORINDA

Love's shrine.

DAMON

But virtue's grave.

CLORINDA

In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.

DAMON

Not heaven's eye.

CLORINDA

Near this a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

DAMON

Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought ?

CLORINDA

What is't you mean ?

DAMON

Clorinda ! pastures, caves, and springs,—
These once had been enticing things.

CLORINDA

And what late change ?

DAMON

The other day
Pan met me.

CLORINDA

What did great Pan say ?

DAMON

Words that transcend poor shepherds' skill ;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.

CLORINDA

Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.

DAMON

Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

CLORINDA

Who would not in Pan's praises meet ?

CHORUS

Of Pan the flowery pastures sing !
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire !
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

A DEFINITION OF LOVE.

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high :
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapp'd its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fix'd :
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close :
Their union would her ruin be
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
 Us as the distant poles have placed—
 Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel,
 Not by themselves to be embraced :

Unless the giddy heaven fall
 And earth some new convulsion tear,
 And, us to join, the world should all
 Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique may well
 Themselves in every angle greet :
 But ours, so truly parallel,
 Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
 But Fate so enviously debars,
 Is the conjunction of the mind
 And opposition of the stars.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1621—1695.

EPITHALAMIUM

TO THE BEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED COUPLE.

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads
 As the mild heaven on roses sheds
 When at their cheeks like pearls they wear
 The clouds that court them in a tear !
 And may they be fed from above
 By Him which first ordain'd your love !

Fresh as the Hours may all your pleasures be,
 And healthful as Eternity !
 Sweet as the flowers' first breath, and close
 As the unseen spreadings of the Rose
 When she unfolds her curtain'd head
 And makes her bosom the Sun's bed !

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear
As your own glass, or what shines there !
Smooth as Heaven's face, and bright as he
When without mask or tiffany,
In all your time not one jar meet,—
But peace as silent as his feet !

Like the Day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoild for and serene as he,
Yet free and full as is that sheaf
Of sunbeams gilding every leaf
When now the tyrant heat expires
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires !

And as the parcel'd glories he doth shed
Are the fair issues of his head,
Which, ne'er so distant, are soon known
By the heat and lustre for his own,
So may each branch of yours we see
Your copies and our wonders be !

And when no more on earth you may remain,
Invited hence to heaven again,
Then may your virtuous virgin-flames
Shine in those heirs of your fair names,
And teach the world that mystery—
Yourselves in your posterity !

So you to both worlds shall rich presents bring ;
And, gather'd up to heaven, leave here a Spring.

THOMAS STANLEY.

1625—1678.

LOVE NOT TO BE RENEWED.

I prithee let my heart alone !
Since now 'tis raised above thee :
Not all the beauty thou dost own
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwreck'd once before
 By such a Syren's call,
 And yet neglects to shun that shore,
 Deserves his second fall.

Each flattering kiss, each tempting smile,
 Thou dost in vain bestow,
 Some other lovers might beguile
 Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art :
 No vows shall e'er persuade me
 Twice to present a wounded heart
 To her that hath betray'd me.

Could I again be brought to love
 Thy form, though more divine,
 I might thy scorn as justly move
 As now thou sufferest mine.

JOHN HALL.

1627—1656.

EPITAPH

ON A GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE WHO DIED BOTH WITHIN A VERY FEW DAYS.

Thrice happy Pair ! who had and have
 Living one bed, now dead one grave :
 Whose love being equal, neither could
 A life unequal wish to hold ;
 But left a question, whether one
 Did follow 'cause her mate was gone,
 Or the other went before to stay
 Till that his fellow came away :
 So that one pious tear now must
 Besprinkle either parent's dust,
 And two great sorrows jointly run
 And close into a larger one,
 Or rather turn to joy, to see
 The burial but the wedding be.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631—1700.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :

Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful realms above
(Such is the power of mighty Love) :
A dragon's fiery form belied the God,
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd ;
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears ;
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung :
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly God in triumph comes :
Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ! he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure :
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain :
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The Master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood :
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless Victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty Master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures :
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble :
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee :
 Take the good the Gods provide thee !
 The many rend the skies with loud applause.
 So Love was crown'd ; but Music won the cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquished Victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again !
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder !
 Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head ;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries :
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile Gods !
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame :

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown !
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

ODE FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The Tuneful Voice was heard from high :
 " Arise, ye more than dead !"
 Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their stations leap
 And Music's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion can not Music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion can not Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms ;
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries—Hark ! the foes come,—
Charge ! charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.
The soft-complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred Organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre ;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An angel heard
And straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Bless'd above,

So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

16**—1678.

CHLORIS.

Chloris ! if ere May be done
You but offer to be gone,
Flowers will wither, green will fade,
Nothing fresh nor gay be had.
Farewell pleasure ! farewell Spring !
Farewell every sweeter thing !
The Year will pine away and mourn,
And Winter instantly return.

But, if you vouchsafe to stay
Only till the end of May,
Take it upon Flora's word,
Never sweeter Spring was tow'rd,
Never was Favonian wind
More propitiously inclined,
Never was in heaven nor earth
Promised more profuser mirth.

Such sweet force your presence has
To bring a joy to every place ;
Such a virtue has your sight,
All are cheer'd and gladdened by't ;
Such a freshness as does bring
Along with it perpetual Spring ;
Such a gaiety the while,
As makes both heaven and earth to smile.

R. FLETCHER.

AN EPITAPH

ON HIS DECEASED FRIEND.

Here lies the ruin'd Cabinet
 Of a rich Soul more highly set :
 The dross and refuse of a Mind
 Too glorious to be here confined.
 Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
 Only to bait, and so away :
 So that what here he doated on
 Was merely accommodation.
 Not that his active soul could be
 At home but in eternity,
 Yet, while he bless'd us with the rays
 Of his short-continued days,
 Each minute had its weight of worth,
 Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
 So, while he travel'd here beneath,
 He lived when others only breathe :
 For not a sand of time slipp'd by
 Without its action sweet as high.
 So good, so peaceable, so bless'd,—
 Angels alone can speak the rest.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639—1701.

TO CELIA.

Not, Celia ! that I juster am
 Or better than the rest :
 For I would change, each hour, like them
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
 By every thought I have :

Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find :
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686—1758.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie, sat down on yon brae,
Cries—Milk the ewes, Lassie ! let nane o' them gae !
And aye she milked, and aye she sang—
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie shall be my gudeman.
And aye she milked, and aye she sang—
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie shall be my gudeman.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin ;
The ewes are new-clipped, they winna bught in :
They winna bught in, though I should die,—
O Yellow-hair'd Laddie ! be kind to me.
They winna bught in, though I should die,—
O Yellow-hair'd Laddie ! be kind to me.

The gude wife cries butt the house—Jenny ! come ben :
The cheese is to mak' and the butter to kirn.
Though butter and cheese and a' should sour,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my Love ae ha'f hour.
It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en mak' it three :
For the Yellow-hair'd Laddie my husband shall be.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground!

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind;
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation!

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown!
 Thus, unlamented, let me die,—
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie!

JAMES THOMSON.

1700—1748.

THE SEASONS.

A HYMN.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent : then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ; on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear : a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth :
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature ! attend : join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales !

Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes.
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world ! lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks ! attune,—ye trembling rills !
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents ! rapid and profound,—
Ye softer floods ! that lead the humid maze
Along the vale,—and thou, majestic main !
A secret world of wonders in thyself,—
Sound his stupendous praise whose greater voice
Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs ! and fruits ! and flowers !
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests ! bend,—ye harvests ! wave to Him :
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven as earth asleep
Unconscious lies ! effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations ! while your angels strike
Amid the spangled sky the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world !
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills !—ye mossy rocks !
Retain the sound,—the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys ! raise : for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all ! awake ; a boundless song

Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela ! charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles !
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn : in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men ! to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll !
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
Be my tongue mute ; my fancy paint no more ;
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song,—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles,—'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing. I can not go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around :

Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons :
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive silence ! muse his praise.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the happy man to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven :
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes ;
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer
And all the various bounties of the year ;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring ;
Whose curvèd mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores ;
Whose winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;
Whom yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;
While youth and health and vigour string his nerves.
Even not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind :
Whose judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze ;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
Bids fairer scenes and bolder figures rise ;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And lays the passions with a tender hand,—
Where every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

•

THOMAS GRAY.

1716—1771.

ELEGY.*Written in a country church yard.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight ;
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short but simple annals of the Poor !

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud ! impute to them the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust ?
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,—
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and epitaph supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the Unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—

“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove,—
Now drooping, woeful-wan like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne :
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon agèd thorn !”

[There, scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.]

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear ;
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode :
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God !

THE BARD.

“ Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait !
 Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant ! shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.”
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sabled garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes, the Poet stood,
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 “ Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !

O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave ;
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe :
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
 That hush'd the stormy main ;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed ;
 Mountains ! ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale ;
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art !
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes :
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart :
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
 No more I weep ! they do not sleep :
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land.
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race :
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of Hell to trace !
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !
 She wolf of France ! with unrelenting fangs
 That tearest the bowels of thy mangled mate !
 From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs,

The scourge of heaven ! What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind.

“ Mighty victor ! mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies :
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies ?
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone : he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim a gilded vessel goes :
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl !
The rich repast prepare !
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair,
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius ! London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow
Twined with her blushing foe we spread :
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers ! bending o'er the accursèd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom !

“ Edward ! lo, to sudden fate—
Weave we the woof ! the thread is spun :—
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
The web is wove : the work is done.
Stay ! O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me, unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But O ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll !
Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight ;
Ye unborn ages ! crowd not on my soul.
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :
All hail ! ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

“ Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton Line,
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin ! hear !
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture, calls and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

“ The verse adorn again !
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by fairy Fiction dress'd,
In buskin'd measures move,—

Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice as of the cherub choir
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious Man ! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of Day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me ! with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign :
 Be thine despair and sceptred care !
 To triumph and to die are mine."—
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove ! relentless Power !
 Thou tamer of the human breast !
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best :
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth
 And bade thee form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was thou badest her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
With Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy ;
And leave us leisure to be good :
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flattering Foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend,—
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess ! lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen
With thundering voice and threatening mien),
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty !

Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,
Thy milder influence impart ;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart !
The generous spark extinct revive !
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

1721—1759.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve ! to soothe thine ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,—

O Nymph reserved ! while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed,—

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, Maid composed !
To breathe some soften'd strain :

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;

Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams !

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
 And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil !

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light,

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes,—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell.
 Exalting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :

Till once ('tis said) when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why.
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd : his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled :
A solemn, strange, and mingled air :
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung : but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose.

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy ! to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state :
 Of different themes the veering song was mix'd ;
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempè's vale her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended Maid !
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, Goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd !
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that god-like age
Fill thy recording Sister's page :
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,

E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
 O bid our vain endeavours cease !
 Revive the just designs of Greece !
 Return in all thy simple state :
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

MARK AKENSIDE.

1721—1770.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO.

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were placed by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and the purple lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here, at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber : here my clustering fruits I tend ;
 Or from the humid flowers at break of day
 Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
 O Stranger ! undismay'd. Nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks : and, if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion : chiefly if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

Come then, tell me, sage divine !
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal Glory's throne ?
 For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,

So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate Reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
 Be the passport to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways !
 No such law to me was given :
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
 Faring like my friends before me ;
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

JEAN ELLIOT.

1727—1805.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning :
 The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blithe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing ;
 Ilk ane lifts her luglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart and runkl'd and grey ;
 At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching :
 The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie :
 The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day :

The Flowers o' the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The Prime o' our Land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin' :
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731—1800.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the Brave !
The Brave that are no more :
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the Brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel keel
And laid her on her side :

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset :
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the Brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone :
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes !

Her timbers yet are sound
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast :
Ah ! would that this might be the last,
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow :
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part ;
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine.
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill.
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart would break at last,
My Mary!

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are fell'd : farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade !
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves ;
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they ;
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs :
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys :
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

1746--1767.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood !
Attendant on the Spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering in the woods
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet Bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Alas, sweet Bird ! not so my fate,
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me.

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1746—1794.

*AN ODE.*IN IMITATION OF *ALCÆUS*.

What constitutes a State ?
 Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starr'd and spangled Courts
 Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to Pride :
 No ! Men, high-minded Men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,—
 These constitute a State.
 And Sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits Empress, crowning Good, repressing Ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this heaven-loved Isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !
 No more shall Freedom smile ?
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the Brave
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752—1770.

ROUNDELAY.

O, sing unto my roundelay !
O drop the briny tear with me !
Dance no more on holiday !
Like a running river be !
My Love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his cryne as the winter night,
White his rode as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below :
My Love is dead——

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout :
O, he lies by the willow tree :
My Love is dead——

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the night-mares as they go :
My Love is dead——

See ! the white moon shines on high,—
Whiter is my true Love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My Love is dead——

Here upon my true Love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid :

Not one holy saint to save
 All the coldness of a maid.
 My Love is dead——

With my hands I'll dente the briars
 Round his holy corse to gre :
 Ouphante fairies ! light your fires !
 Here my body still shall be.
 My Love is dead——

Come ! with acorn-cup and thorn
 Drain my heart's blood all away !
 Life and all its good I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day :
 My Love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed
 All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches crown'd with reytes !
 Bear me to your lethal tide :
 I die, I come, my true Love waits.—
 Thus the Damsel spake, and died.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1757—1827.

SONG.

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
 And tasted all the summer's pride,
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld
 Who in the sunny beams did glide !

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
 And blushing roses for my brow ;
 He led me through the gardens fair
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet may-dews my wings were wet,
 And Phæbus fired my vocal rage :
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing ;
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;
 Then stretches out my golden wing,
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

TO THE MUSES.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the Sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased,—

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air
 Where the melodious winds have birth,—

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine ! forsaking Poetry,—

How have you left the ancient love
 That Bards of old enjoy'd in you !
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, the notes are few.

SONG.

My silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languish'd air,
 By Love are driven away ;
 And mournful lean Despair

Brings me yews to deck my grave :
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold :
O why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold ?
His breast is Love's all-worship'd tomb,
Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade !
Bring me a winding-sheet !
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat !
Then down I'll lie as, cold as clay,
True love doth pass away.

THE PIPER.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a Child,
And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper ! pipe that song again ! ”
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe !
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“ Piper ! sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read ! ”
So he vanish'd from my sight :
And I pluck'd a hollow reed ;

And I made a rural pen ;
And I stain'd the water clear ;
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE TIGER.

Tiger ! Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night !
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burn'd the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger ! Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night !
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

ROBERT BURNS.

1759—1796.

MARY MORISON.

O Mary ! at thy window be !
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour :
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor !
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing ;
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a'—
 “ Ye are na Mary Morison ! ”

O Mary ! canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whose only fault is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown !
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

*TO A MOUSE**Turned up by his plough, November, 1785.*

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', timorous Beastie !
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle :

But, Mousie ! thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft agley,
 And leave us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art bless'd compared wi' me,—
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But O ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear ;
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess, an' fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the plough, April, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped Flower !
 Thou's met me in an evil hour :
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem !

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing blithe to greet
 The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early humble birth,
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
 But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie stibble field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :—
 But now, the share uptears thy bed
 And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade,
 By love's simplicity betray'd
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean, luckless-starr'd,
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to suffering Worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He ruin'd sink.

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine : no distant date,

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom.

Æ FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
 While the star of Hope she leaves him !
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me :
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy :
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her and love for ever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel ! thou first and fairest !
 Fare-thee-weel ! thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the West :
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I love best.

There wild-woods grow and rivers row ;
And mony a hill between :
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye Westlin' winds ! blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean !
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !
The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border ?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever :
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley !
 Thy subjects we, before thee ;
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley !
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he couldna scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee :
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say—" I canna wrang thee !"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune shall na steer thee :
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley !
 Return to Caledonie,
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon !
 How can ye bloom sae fair ?
 How can ye chant ? ye little birds !
 And I sae fu' o' care.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough !
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings beside thy mate !

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
On blithe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco sleigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh :
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' louping o'er a linn :
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die ?
 She may go to—France, for me.
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And O her een ! they spak' sic things :
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath :
 Now they're crouse and canty baith.
 Ha ! ha ! the wooing o't !

ANE-AND-TWENTY.

And O for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam !

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam !

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam !
 At kith or kin I need not spier,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam !

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam !
 But hear'st thou, Laddie ! there's my loof :
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam !

WHISTLE ! AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

O, whistle ! and I'll come to you, my Lad !
 O, whistle ! and I'll come to you, my Lad !
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad !

But warily tent when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see ;
 And come as ye were na coming to me !

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me !

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me ;
 And, whiles, ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me !

O, whistle ! and I'll come to you, my Lad !
 O, whistle ! and I'll come to you, my Lad !
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O, whistle ! and I'll come to you, my Lad !

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest Poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave ! we pass him by :
 We dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp :
The Man's the Gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,—
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine !
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
Is King o' Men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that :
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks, and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an Honest Man's aboon his might :
Gude faith ! he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,

That man to man the warld o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRN.

1766—1845.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa, John !
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John !
 I'm wearin' awa,
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John !
 There's nae cauld nor care, John !
 The day is aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John !
 She was baith gude and fair, John !
 And O we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John !
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John !
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

O dry your glistening ee, John !
 My saul langs to be free, John !
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain John !
 This warld's cares are vain, John !
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

NOTES.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the first finder of our fair language," "the father of English poetry" (so Occleve and Dryden), was the son of a London vintner. At first a page of Prince Lionel, he was afterwards in the service of King Edward the third, and befriended by the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt. His authenticated poems are a translation of the French *Roman de la Rose* (now lost—that still extant in a Northern dialect not his); the *Complaint to Pity*, the *Book of the Duchess*, and the *Complaint of Mars*, written about 1369-71; *Troilus and Crescide*, the *Parliament of Fowls*, the *House of Fame*, the *Legend of Good Women*, and his greatest (unfinished) work, the *Canterbury Tales*. The *Flower and the Leaf*, generally printed as his, belongs to the next century; the *Cuckoo and Nightingale* also is not by him. Our two short poems are thought to be of his last days: the *Good Counsel* "written on his death-bed."

("The date usually assigned to Chaucer's birth, 1328, is inferred from the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey. This monument, an altar-tomb under a Gothic canopy, was not erected until 1556, when Nicholas Brigham, a small poet who revered the genius of Chaucer, built it at his own expense. But we know from Caxton that there was an earlier inscription on a table hanging on a pillar near the poet's burial-place; and Brigham can hardly have done otherwise than repeat on the new tomb the old record that Chaucer died on the 25th of October, 1400, and that his age was then seventy-two. This date is in harmony with what we know of Chaucer's life and writings."—HENRY MORLEY: A FIRST SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.)

Soothfastness is truthfulness; *tickleness*—insecurity; *rede*—counsel; *a nail*—a nail; *deeme*—judge; *in buxomness*—civilly and obediently; *weive*—forsake; *certes but*—certainly unless; *ellis*—else; *mote*—must; *stere*—guide, governor; *frere*—friar; *mowen*—able.

HENRYSON: a schoolmaster of Dunfermline in Scotland. His chief performance is the *Testament of Cresseid*, a continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*. He wrote also *Moral Fables of Æsop*, in verse; and is notable as the author of our first pastoral—*Robin and Mawkin*, and one of our earliest ballads—the *Bloody Sark*. In his *Garment of Good Ladies* (as in other poems by Chaucer, Dunbar, Surrey, etc., in the present collection) the old spelling is retained wherever alteration would disturb the character or destroy the rhyme or rhythm. Else our text is in modern orthography: sometimes, as Mr. Main observes, "a wholesome test of poetic vitality."

Gar mak' till—have made for; *no deeming deir*—no judgment hurt; *sark*—shirt or shift; *perfytt*—perfect; *lasit*—laced; *lesam*—lawful; *mail-lies* or *maillyheis*—eyelet holes; *purfill'd*—embroidered; *ilk*—each; *thole*—withstand; *patelet*—a ruff, or part of the head-dress, of uncertain meaning; *pansing*—thought; *hals-ribbon*—neck-ribbon; *esperance*—hope; *shoon*—shoes; *sickerness*—sureness; *seill*—happiness; *set her so weil*—suit her so well.

DUNBAR: the "Scottish Chaucer." His principal poems are the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*; the *Thistle and Rose* (on occasion of the marriage of James the fourth of Scotland with the English Princess Margaret); and the *Golden Targe* (printed at the first Scottish press). A fiery satirist also.

Imprent—imprint; *leir*—learn; *perquier*—therefore; *from he be ken'd*—when he is known; *went*—gone; *discure*—discover; *garth*—garden; *I of mene*—I moan for, or lament; *been*—were or have been (*been* also used in old poetry for *are*, *is*, and *be*).

WYATT: courtier, statesman, and poet. His poems first appeared, along with poems by Surrey and others, in *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557, fifteen years after his death and ten years after the death of Surrey. The two poets are therefore generally coupled together, though Wyatt's work is earlier, and though there is no trace of any friendship. Surrey was the sometime companion of the poet's son, executed for conspiring in favour of Lady Jane Grey. *My lute! awake!* has been wrongly ascribed to Lord Rochfort.

Gram—sorrowful anger; *hert*—heart; *since ye know*—after you know; *ne*—nor; *withouten*—without; *boordes*—jests; *fain*—glad; *unquit*—unrequited; *plain*—plaint; *plaining*—complaining.

SURREY. Henry, Lord Howard (by courtesy Earl Surrey during the life of his father, the Duke of Norfolk), was executed, for some trivial

offence, by Henry the eighth. He translated the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid* into (the first English) blank verse; paraphrased some *Psalms* and part of *Ecclesiastes*; and wrote sonnets and other short poems, given with Wyatt's in *Tottel's Miscellany*: his rank probably the reason for his name alone appearing on the title-page.

Sayn—say; *moe*—more; *sith*—since; *eke*—also; *make*—mate; *smale*—small; *mings*—mingles, mixes; *worne*—denied, rejected.

VAUX is known only for two poems in *Tottel's Miscellany* and fourteen in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a similar collection in 1576 from which our poem is taken.

GRIMOALD, Grimaold, or Grimald, also one of Tottel's contributors, wrote a play of *Troilus and Cressida*; *John the Baptist*, a tragedy, in Latin; and a "Latin" paraphrase of Virgil's *Georgics*.

JOHN HEYWOOD: chief inventor of the moral plays called *Interludes*, because played in the intervals of banquets. A noted epigrammatist also. He published in 1546 a *Dialogue of Proverbs*, arguing for and against marriage either with a poor girl or a rich widow. In later editions of this some six hundred *Epigrams* were added. He wrote also a long poem, the *Spider and Fly*, in praise of Queen Mary and defence of the Romish Church. He was a great favourite of Mary and of Henry the eighth, esteemed for his wit and skill in singing.

HARINGTON: plain John, the father of Sir John (translator of Aristotle). These verses are addressed to Isabella Markham (afterward his wife) "when I first thought her fair as she stood at the Princess' window in goodly attire": the Princess to become Queen Elizabeth. They are printed in Park's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, in a mixed collection of papers, prose and verse, by Sir John Harington and others; and there stated to be from a MS. of John Harington dated 1564. The date can be only that of the transcription. Other poems by the elder Harington to Isabella Markham in the same collection bear date of 1549. There can be little doubt of the right ascription of them all, though they may have been polished by the collector, or transcriber, who confesses in a note to one poem that "the quaint phraseology in the original copy occasioned some liberties to be taken with it."

GASCOIGNE. The date of his birth should perhaps be much earlier, as he himself speaks of his "crooked age and hoary hairs." He wrote the

Steele Glas, a satire; *Posies* (Flowers, Herbs, Weeds); a prose comedy after Ariosto, called *The Supposes*; and was part-author of a tragedy.

Wot is know; *fere*—companion.

GOOGE: also Goche, Goghe, Gouche. "*Eglogs, Epitaphes, and Sonnettes.*"

VERE. Ellis gives a list of twenty-one poems by him, scattered through the *Miscellanies*.

BRETON. His poems amatory and religious: but lately collected by Dr. Grosart, who gives 1542-3 as date of his birth. The Rev. Thomas Corser has it 1551-2. Breton is said to have written not less than fifty volumes (or pamphlets) of prose or poetry.

Yode is went, or walked; *dole*—woe; *leese*—lose.

RALEIGH. *The Lie*, called also the *Soul's Arrant*, has been attributed to Francis Davison, Sylvester, and others; but now rests with Raleigh, though certainly not written by him "the night before his execution" in 1618, nor during his long cruelly unjust imprisonment from 1603 to 1616. It is found in a manuscript collection of poems, dated 1596, in the British Museum. But few of the poems called his can be satisfactorily authenticated. Part of a long poem to *Cynthia*, alluded to by Spenser, has been lately recovered and printed by the Rev. John Hannah.

Arrant—errand; the *Estate*—the State; *tickle*—ticklish; *conceit*—conception; *spriight*—spirit.

SPENSER, the friend of Raleigh, spent most of his manhood in Ireland, employed by the government, at first as Secretary to Lord Grey, the Queen's Deputy. His *Shepherd's Calendar* appeared in 1580; the first three books of his *Faery Queen* in 1590, and three more in 1595-6. In 1598 his house, Kilcolman Castle, county Cork, was sacked by the Irish, and he narrowly escaped to England, where in the same year he died, leaving his great poem incomplete. The *Prothalamion* was written in honour of the marriage on the same day of two sisters, daughters of the Earl of Worcester; the *Amoretti*, a series of eighty-nine sonnets, are his own love-poems; and for his own marriage he wrote the *Epithalamion*, that "intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure," as Hallam justly calls it.

Glisten—glisten; *flasket*—probably flask; *featously*—cleverly; *eftsoons*—presently; *assoil*—make clean; *gan*—began; *whilome*—formerly; *a*

noble Peer—the Earl of Essex ; *twins of Jove*—Castor and Pollux ; *tead*—torch ; *dight*—clothe ; *mavis*—song-thrush ; *ousel*—blackbird ; *ruddock*—robin ; *mote*—might ; *eroud*—fiddle ; *gin*—begin ; *nathless*—ne'ertheless ; *wull*—would ; *the great Tiryinthian groom*—Hercules ; *the Pouke*—an evil Puck ; *the Latmian Shepherd*—Endymion.

LYLY, Lilye, or Lilly, author of eight plays, court-comedies ; besides his prose works, *Euphues*, or *The Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*.

DYER, the friend of Sidney, highly esteemed by his contemporaries, but little remaining of his writing. This poem has been altered and corrupted without measure. A continuation or imitation of it, by Sylvester, will be found on page 86.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the hero and darling of his day, one of the truest and yet most neglected of all our poets ; "passion, thought, and fineness of art" his characteristics, as well observed by Dr. Grosart. His prose romance, *Arcadia*, is richly interlaced with verse ; and his Sonnets and Songs to Stella (*Astrophil and Stella*) are among the most real, the most musical and impassioned love-poems in the language. *Trentals* are masses held for thirty days.

GREVILLE, Lord Brooke, who has this proud epitaph : "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counselor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He wrote poems of Monarchy and Religion ; sonnets to *Caelica* ; and two tragedies, *Alaham* and *Mustapha*, described by Lamb as "political treatises, not plays."

A meadow God (so in all copies) may mean a wild, field-haunting god, not caring for cities or staid rules.

WATSON : if not a friend, a lover of Sidney. The lines on *Sidney's death* are found in Byrd's *Italian Madrigals*, madrigals composed "after the Italian vein," with English words. Watson's chief work is a *Pas-sionate Centurie of Love*, ninety-seven "sonnets," poems or poetic conceits of eighteen lines each, with prose explanations prefixed.

CONSTABLE'S "ambrosial Muse," says Ben Jonson. He wrote "*Diana*, the praises of his Mistress in certain sweet sonnets;" some sixty-seven poems in all, the word sonnet again very loosely used. The same afterward "augmented with divers quatorzains of honourable and learned personages." He also wrote a few *Spiritual "Sonnets."*

LODGE : a prolific writer, novelist, satirist, and poet ; but his works now rare. His pastoral, *Rosalynde*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, 1590, seems to have been the ground whence Shakespeare transplanted his *As you like it*. "Love guards the roses of thy lips" is from "*Phyllis*, honoured with pastoral sonnets, elegies, and amorous delights." 1593. In his later days he was a successful physician.

GIFFORD. Dates of birth and death unknown. Our poem from his "*Posie of Gilloflowers*, eche differing from other in colour and odour, yet all sweete. By Humfrey Gifford, Gent." 1580.

PEELE. Dates very doubtful. A play-wright, but many of his plays lost. The best of those remaining is *David and Bethsabe*, first printed in 1599. His *Arraignment of Paris*, in which is *Cupid's Curse*, was played before Queen Elizabeth in 1584.

GREENE : a voluminous writer of poems, plays, and prose tracts. *Grees* is an old form of *agrees* ; *modest face*—in all the copies *music's*, evidently a misprint ; *glisten*—brightness ; *priè*—two syllables, as in French poetry ; *N'oserez Vous*—Will you not dare ?

FRANCIS BACON : born in London, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England. Mr. Spedding gives these lines, without title, as paraphrased from a Greek poem, and not certain to have been written by Bacon, to whom they are ascribed only in later editions of Isaak Walton's *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*. Spedding, however, believes them to be his.

SOUTHWELL : an English gentleman, hanged as a Jesuit priest and plotter, in 1594-5. His principal work, of considerable talent, is *St. Peter's Complaint* ; like all his writings, of a religious character.

DANIEL : "for sweetness and rhyming second to none." Such the judgment of Drummond. Besides some plays, a masque, Sonnets to Delia, and other poems, he wrote *The Civil Wars* between York and Lancaster, a poem in eight books, published 1595, 1599, 1609.

GRIFFIN. No dates except of his book—" *Fidessa more chaste than kind*, by B. Griffin, gent : 1596." In our second sonnet he has mistaken Io for Danae. One of his sonnets—"Venus and Young Adonis sitting by her"—was given as Shakespeare's in Jaggard's Composite edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, in 1599.

JOHN DAVIES: writing-master of Hereford, "greatest master of the pen that England ever produced," writes Fuller; not without esteem from contemporary poets, but ignored by all the anthologists, though he wrote enough to fill two goodly quartos, rescued from oblivion by Dr. Grosart. His more considerable works are *Microcosmos*; *Humour's Heaven on earth* (in which is a Dantesque picture of the Plague); *Wit's Pilgrimage*; the *Scourge of Folly*; and the *Muse's Sacrifice*, or *Divine Meditations*. His *Picture of an happy Man* antedates Wotton's popular and much inferior lines.

Squire—squire; *lively*—life-like, living; *blaze*—blazon.

SYLVESTER: a London merchant, who amused his leisure by translating from the French "the *Divine Weekes and Workes* of the noble, learned, and religious Lord of Barts"; and in writing various poesies. His *Mind Content* is in imitation of Dyer. *Two hearts in one* is in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

NASH. Our two songs are from a "pleasant comedy"—*Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

DRAYTON: the many-thousanded. *The Barons' Wars* (time of Edward the second), first published in 1596, finally shaped in 1619; *England's Heroical Epistles*, 1597; and his great work, *Polyolbion*, 1612-18, a typographical poem descriptive, county by county, of England and Wales, with historical episodes,—thirty books in twelve-syllable verse, some thirty thousand lines. He wrote also *Eeologues*, from which are the first three poems in our text; *Nymphidia*, a fairy-poem, "an airy masterpiece of whimsical grace"; and the *Ballad of Agincourt*, the best ballad in our language.

MARLOWE: dramatist. His two plays of *Tamburlain the Great* are our first stage-plays in blank verse; his tragedies of *Dr. Faustus* and *Edward the second* are second to none but Shakespeare's. His unfinished poem of *Hero and Leander* was after his death (he was killed in a tavern-brawl) completed by Chapman. Of the *Passionate Shepherd* four stanzas were printed as Shakespeare's in Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. The six here given are from *England's Helicon*, 1600. A seventh stanza, with "silver dishes" and "ivory table," plainly out of place, was given by Walton in his *Complete Angler*, 1655.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS. The *Nymph's Reply* (with also a seventh additional stanza) is ascribed to Raleigh by Walton; but Walton is not

accurate; and there is no corroborative evidence. It appeared in *England's Helicon* with the signature *Ignoto*, which by no means identifies it with Raleigh. For no other reason Raleigh has also been credited with *Phillide's Love-Call*. More likely to be his are our two next poems (also anonymous), *To Cynthia* and *The Hermit's Song*: the first from the *Helicon*, the second from one of the *Song Books* of Dowland the Lutenist. *Beauty bathing* has been attributed to Anthony Munday because signed *Shepherd Tonie*, though *Tonie* may be only a rhyme to *honnie*. And *Impfortune me no more!* is surely not by Queen Elizabeth, though so taken by Arber on the mere ascription by some unknown transcriber.

Say—a thin kind of serge; *Waly*—an exclamation of grief; *syne*—then; *busk*—deck; *kame*—comb; *fyled*—defiled; *sic*—such; *gars*—compels, makes; *cranioisie*—crimson; *guedes*—goods, things; *clout*—kerchief; *blue coventry*—cloth or stuff made at the town of Coventry; *whig*—buttermilk; *weevil's skin*—(weaver's and wether's in the copies) the weevil is a small delicate wheat-eating caterpillar.

SHAKESPEARE. Of whose wonderful and world-known dramas nothing need be said here. Concerning his text disputation seems to be endless. Even the snatch of song in the *Tempest* ("Where the bee sucks") cannot be settled to the agreement of commentators. It is punctuated in half a dozen ways, not without alteration of the sense. *Lurk* in place of *suck*, and *sunset* instead of *summer* have the authority of the elder Hazlitt. *Keel* is skim; *cyress*—crape; *Time's chest*—should it not be *quest*?

DEVEREUX: Robert, second Earl of Essex, the latest favourite of Queen Elizabeth, by her beheaded.

BARNES. Love-songs, under the title of *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*; a *Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets*; and the *Devil's Charter*, a tragedy showing forth the life and death of Pope Alexander the sixth (the Borgia), "as it was plaied before the King's Majestie upon Candlemasse night." *Heliochrise*—the marigold?

SIR JOHN DAVIES. *Nosce teipsum* (know thyself), a poem on the immortality of the soul; *Hymns to Astrea* (acrostic compliments to Queen Elizabeth); and a poem on dancing.

BARNFIELD. *The Affectionate Shepherd*, written before the age of twenty, dedicated to Lady Penelope Rich (Sidney's Stella); *Cynthia* (some twenty sonnets); the *Encomium of Lady Pecunia*; etc. Two of his

poems, "As it fell upon a day" and "If music and sweet poetry agree," were printed by Jaggard as Shakespeare's.

DR. JOHN DONNE. His poems consist of Songs and Sonnets, divine and secular; Epigrams, Elegies, Satires, Epistles, etc. He has been called metaphysical; but is rather fantastical: deserving however a far higher place in our anthologies than has hitherto been accorded him.

BEN JONSON (or Benjamin Johnson) was educated at Westminster School and, according to Fuller, at St. John's College, Cambridge. For a while he followed the occupation of his step-father, a master bricklayer; was a soldier, a poet, and a dramatist inferior only to Shakespeare. His comedy of *Every man in his humour* was acted in 1598; *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, or *the Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and other plays, followed. He also wrote *Masques*, for which Inigo Jones prepared the scenery. *The Forest and Underwoods* contain his minor poems. The lines on *Margaret Ratcliffe* are an acrostic. *Few so have rued fate in another* refers to her having lost four brothers. *Set up in a brake*—used for vicious horses.

DEKKER: an excellent dramatic poet, credited by the elder Hazlitt with "more of the unconscious simplicity of Nature than Webster has." Associated in his works with Webster, Ford, Middleton, and Massinger. The date of his death very uncertain. Only we hear nothing of him after 1638. *Content* is from *Patient Grissel*, a comedy, in which he was helped by Houghton and Chettle.

WEBSTER. Dates again very doubtful. His best plays are *I'ttoria Corombona* and the *Duchess of Malfy*, brought out in 1612 and 1616. He is said to have written part of the *Thracian Wonder*, for or with Rowley. The song at page 132 is most probably Rowley's.

ROWLEY. Author of some half-dozen plays (and helper perhaps in others), one of which has Shakespeare's name also on the title-page.

DAVISON: Francis and Walter, sons of Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State. They brought out in 1602 their *Poetical Rhapsody*, a collection of poems by themselves, Raleigh, Watson, Sylvester, and others. The poems here given may be by either of the brothers, or both.

THOMAS HEYWOOD. "A sort of prose Shakespeare" Lamb calls him. A fellow actor too with Shakespeare. He wrote or assisted in

writing some two hundred and twenty plays : perhaps in that number including the City Pageants for several years invented by him. Of his plays only twenty-three remain. He was also the author of *Troja Britannica*, a poem in seventeen cantos ; and the *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, in nine books.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Authors, singly or jointly, of fifty-two plays : the *Maid's Tragedy* (principally by Beaumont) their best tragic work, the *Faithful Shepherdess* (by Fletcher) the best of pastoral comedies. Fletcher is said to have also aided Ben Jonson, Middleton, Field, and Massinger, in their works ; and to have written the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and another (lost) play in conjunction with Shakespeare. Skeat would give the first scene of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* (not published till after Fletcher's death, and perhaps completed by Rowley or Middleton), with the *Bridal Song*, to Shakespeare—for whom also the first stanza of *Take those lips away* is claimed. If not Shakespeare's, these two songs are Fletcher's ; his too *Beauty clear and fair*, the *Hymn to Pan*, and *Lay a garland*. The rest by Beaumont.

GILES FLETCHER : younger brother of Phineas (famous for a long physiological allegory, the *Purple Island*) ; rector of Alderton in Suffolk. His birth-date should probably be earlier. His great poem is *Christ's Victory and Triumph* "in heaven and earth, over and after death" : published in 1610. Panglorie (world-glory) is brought in, attempting to seduce the Saviour. In her bower of Vain-Delight she sings "this Wooing-Song, to welcome Him withal."

FORD. Another excellent dramatist : the *Broken Heart* and *Love's Sacrifice* perhaps the best of his eight plays.

FIELD. A dramatist also : of a lower grade.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS. *To Night*—from the *Phoenix Nest*, a collection from various writers, published in 1593 ; *His Lady's Grief and Weep no more* from Dowland's *Song Books* ; the *Tomb of Desire* from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* ; *Love till death* and *Since first I saw your face* from *Music of Sundry Kinds*, by Thomas Ford, 1607 ; *Love me not for comely grace* from Wilbye's *Madrigals*, of the same period ; the *Epitaph on a beautiful Virgin* from Wit's *Recreations*, 1654.

WOTTON. His poem is dated 1620, addressed to Elizabeth, daughter

of James the first. His not very important poetical remains, of which this is the best, were collected by Isaak Walton.

AYTOUN, born in Kinaldie Castle, Scotland, was secretary to the Queens of James the first and Charles the first. He died in Whitehall Palace and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He wrote a few Latin and English poems.

DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden near Edinburgh: poet, pamphleteer, and historian. His poems "amorous, elegiac, pastoral, and divine": his best the amorous (*Sonnets and Madrigals*) and the divine (*Flowers of Sion*).

Memnon's Mother is Aurora, the Dawn; *By Peneus' streams* refers to the love of Phœbus for Daphne, whom he there met; *two suns*, it is said, once appeared as an augury in Rome; *that learned Grecian* is Plato; *carrière*—career; *decote*—decorate.

BURTON. The well-known author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to which in the later editions these verses were prefixed.

WITHER. The chief of his many works during a long life are the *Shepherd's Hunting* (written while in prison for some political satire, in 1615); *Fair Virtue*, or the *Mistress of Philarete*; *Fidelia*; and *Hymns and Songs of the Church*.

BROWNE. *Britannia's Pastorals* (the first book printed in 1613, the second in 1616, the third remaining in manuscript till 1851); the *Shepherd's Pipe*, partly Wither's, in seven eclogues, 1614. The *Syren's Song* is the opening song of a *Masque* presented by the Gentlemen of the Middle Temple, in 1614.

CAREW. *Poems*, 1640. The song of *Outer Beauty* is also called *Disdain Returned*, and has sometimes a third stanza added. But there is no disdain in our two stanzas; and there is a lack of evidence that the third is by Carew. W. C. Hazlitt very doubtfully assigns to him the lines of *Chloris in the Snow*. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 93, part 2, they are given to Strode.

GOFFE, or Goff. Three tragedies.

HERBERT: born in Wales, was rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, where he wrote his series of sacred poems entitled *The Temple*.

QUARLES. *Emblems*: a series of quaintly written verses, of which our quotation gives a fair sample.

DR. HENRY KING, bishop of Chichester.

HERRICK (Herrick, Heyrick, Eyrick, Herycke): also in holy orders, Vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire, but deprived of his living, under the Commonwealth, in 1647-8. In the same year he published his *Hesperides*. He wrote also *Noble Numbers*, pious poems. He returned to his vicarage at the Restoration.

SHIRLEY, the last of the great line of Dramatists, wrote thirty-three popular plays, most of them tragi-comedies, "now sprightly and broadly humorous," says Dyce, "now serious and solemn." *Death the Conqueror* is in a *Masque of Cupid and Death*. *Earthly Glories*, from the *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses* for the armour of Achilles, is a dirge for Ajax, who, not getting the armour, slew himself.

STRODE, according to Wood (*Athen: Oxon:*), was "a pithy and sententious preacher, an exquisite orator, and an eminent poet." He wrote the *Floating Island*, a tragi-comedy, acted in 1636. A few scattered poems also are traceable to him.

RANDOLPH, a lawyer, wrote five plays and translated the *Plutus* of Aristophanes.

HABINGTON. Poems to *Castara*, in three parts: before marriage; after marriage; the third part religious poems. He also wrote the *Queen of Arragon*, a play.

DAVENANT: author of *Gondibert*, an "epic poem"; plays; and minor poetry.

WALLER: Hampden's nephew, now with the Commonwealth, now with the King; of ability which should have kept him above time-serving. A good and witty speaker and an elegant writer: his poems amatory and panegyric, on either side.

SUCKLING wrote the *Sessions of the Poets*, a witty poetical criticism; the *Goblins*, a comedy; *Aglaure*, a tragi-comedy; two other plays; and minor poems collected after his death under the title *Fragmenta Aurea*.

The *Ballad* is corrupt in the editions of his works. We have used the text of *Wit's Recreations* where it appears as "a Discourse between two countrymen." As the nineteenth century is not the seventeenth century, we have concluded not to give the last three stanzas.

"For nature brings not back the mastodon,
Nor we those times."

Where we do sell our hay is the street still known as the Haymarket, hard by Charing Cross; *course-a-park* is some country dance or game. *Forty* (forty) and *Widsun* (Whitsun) are retained as characteristics of the countrymen.

FANSHAW translated the *Lusiad* of Camoens and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*; and wrote some not important poems.

MILTON: Cromwell's secretary "for foreign tongues"; the author of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, *Comus*, and *Samson Agonistes*; and, in prose, the *Defence of the People of England*, etc., etc. As Dryden's poetry may be called prosaic, so Milton's prose is as sublimely poetic as his verse. The difference is but in form. The poems here given are in the order of his writing.

Eglantine—honeysuckle; *tells his tale*—counts his flock; *outwatch the Bear*—watch till morning; *him that left half told the story of Cambuscan*—Chaucer; *frowned*—curled; *Lycidas*—Milton's friend, Edward King, drowned on his voyage from Chester to Ireland; *Sisters of the Sacred Well*—the Muses; *Alona*—the Isle of Anglesea; *Deva*—the river Dee; *fountain Arethuse*—in Sicily, referring to the Sicilian pastoral poet, Theocritus, as *Mincius*, a tributary of the Po, refers to Virgil; *the Herald of the Sea*—Triton; *Hippotades*—Æolus, God of Winds; *Panopè*—a smooth-water Sea-Nymph; *Camus*—the river Cam, Milton and King having been fellow students at Cambridge; *the Pilot of the Galilean Lake*—St. Peter; *Alpheus*—a stream in Greece, supposed to be connected with that of Arethusa; *rath*—early; *Bellerus*—a giant of Cornwall, where St. Michael (it was said) appeared on the Mount bearing his name. There is no land in a direct line between there and Namancos and Bayona in the northwest of Spain. *The triple Tyrant* is the Pope.

CARY: Lucius, Viscount Falkland, killed at the battle of Newbury, fighting on the royalist side.

NABBES. Some few Masques and Plays; Poems, and Elegies.

GRAHAME: James, first Marquis of Montrose, the most devoted of the adherents of Charles the first. Executed at Edinburgh.

CRASHAW. *Steps to the Temple* (sacred poems); *Delights of the Muses*; and other works. He became a Roman Catholic, and died Canon of Loretto. His excellent *Wishes*, for no apparent reason except the number of them, have been always abridged in the collections.

DENHAM. Born at Dublin. His fame rests on a single descriptive poem, *Cooper's Hill*; though he also wrote a tragedy, the *Sophy*, in which are the lines to *Morpheus*.

LOVELACE. *Lucasta*; Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc. *Aramantha*, a pastoral.

COWLEY. *Poetical Blossoms* (published at the age of fifteen); *Davidis*, a sacred poem, in four books, of the troubles of King David; the *Mistress*, a series of sham love-poems; Pindaric and other odes in English and Latin; and six books in Latin of *Plants* (Herbs, Flowers, Weeds). Employed much abroad by Charles the first. Later he took his degree as a physician, but does not seem to have practised.

SHERBURNE. Some translations, and a few amatory and religious poems.

RICHARD BROME. The date of his birth unknown. His works are *Lachrymæ Musarum*, and fifteen plays of considerable merit.

ALEXANDER BROME. Songs, epigrams, translations from the French and Latin, bacchanalian verses, satires, of no great poetic value. He also wrote a comedy; and edited Richard Brome's dramatic works, though it does not appear that they were kinfolk. A *Palinode* is a recantation.

MARVELL: born near Hull, Assistant Secretary of State with Milton, Member of Parliament for Hull in the reign of Charles the second; poet and satirist. His poems (English and Latin) were not collected till after his death. *To the Glow-worms* is generally called *The Mower to the Glow-worms*, from being found in a little group of poems in the character of Damon, the Mower. His *Horatian Ode* (Miltonic also) in its severe sculptural beauty stands by itself in English verse. In the stanza—*As if*

his highest plot to plant the bergamot he recognizes the simple unambitious character of Cromwell's early days: the *bergamot* is a kind of pear. The *bleeding head* refers to a supposed event while digging for the foundations of the Capitol at Rome. *Climacteric* here means death-giving; *this valour sad*—serious, in opposition to the changeful policy of the Scots.

VAUGHAN. *Silex Scintillans*: "sacred poems and private ejaculations," 1650. The *Epithalamium* is from *Olor Iscanus*, "a collection of select poems and translations, by Henry Vaughan, Silurist," 1651. In the second stanza the original has a *he* Rose and a *she* Sun; but the *he* throughout the poem hardly expresses a gender.

STANLEY. Translations and Poems of little mark.

HALL of Durham: some Poems, "amatory and divine."

DRYDEN: "glorious John!" The grandest of prose poets. His greatest poem is *Absalom and Achitophel*, a political satire against the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury (time of James the second). Among his numerous works are many plays, tragedies, and comedies, and adaptations of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Anthony and Cleopatra*. His latest important work was his *Fables*, Translations from Boccaccio, and from Chaucer—"into our language as it is now refined." He was the translator also of Virgil (the *Æneid*), Ovid, Juvenal, Theocritus, etc.

St. Cecilia is said to have invented the organ; which should be known to explain the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, and the last strophe of *Alexander's Feast*.

FLECKNOE. Dates unknown; that of his death but guessed. A most industrious writer of verse and prose, fiercely satirized by Dryden. Of his productions we may mention *Hierothalamium*, or *Heavenly Nuptials*, 1626; the *Affections of a Pious Soul*, 1640; some Comedies; *Heroic Portraits*; and Epigrams.

FLETCHER. Christened name unknown; nor of his works anything but a small volume of *Translations from Martial*, with a few original verses.

SEDLEY: one of the wits and verse writers (perhaps the best) of the Court of Charles the second.

RAMSAY: a Scottish bookseller and publisher, and literary impostor; notwithstanding a man of genius, chiefly of a comic vein. *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral drama in Scottish dialect, 1725, is his own, and entitles him to fame. Of his minor poems it is difficult to prove the authorship. Two collections of Scottish and English Songs, the *Tea-Table Miscellany* and the *Evergreen*, were brought out by him in 1724-7. The *Miscellany* contains many poems "by him"; the *Evergreen* purported to be by ingenious writers "before 1600," and has among undoubted old poems, one by Ramsay, signed A. R. Scot, the *Vision*, stated by him to have been "compylit in Latin anno 1300." The *Yellow-Hair'd Laddie* then may or may not be his.

Brae—broken ground, as on a hill-side; *winna bught in*—will not come into the bughts—the pens in which they are milked; *butt the house*—outside; *kirn*—churn; *crack*—talk.

POPE. In 1709 Pope published his *Pastorals*; the *Essay on Criticism* in 1711; the *Rape of the Lock*, his most poetic poem, the "most exquisite filagree-work ever invented," "the daintiest of all mock heroics," in 1714; translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* between 1715 and 1726; the first part of the *Essay on Man* in 1732; and his *Dunciad* in 1728, enlarged in 1742-3. The scope of the present volume forbidding fragments, not even the perfection of smoothly measured versification for which he is most to be considered can have fair representing. The *Ode on Solitude*, by his own account, was written by him before he was twelve years old.

THOMSON. *The Seasons* (Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn, in such succession), 1726-30; *Liberty*, 1734-5; the *Castle of Indolence*, in Spenserian stanzas, his best work, 1748. His dramas are of little worth.

GRAY. A man of leisure and inactivity; his inspiration cramped. Notwithstanding his few poems show him as an accomplished writer. The *Elegy* is his masterpiece. In a manuscript draft, immediately after the line—

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame,

he concluded the poem with the following four stanzas:—

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate,—

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom !

Again, after completing his new version (these stanzas omitted), he struck out the stanza in parenthesis, before the Epitaph ; altering also the first-written names of Gracchus, Tully, and Cæsar, to Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, as they now stand—the Cromwell certainly not according so closely with the utterance of the line.

The occasion of the *Bard* is the massacre of the Welsh Bards by Edward the first. *Berkley's roofs*—Berkley Castle, where Edward the second was murdered, his wife consenting ; the *mighty victor* is Edward the third ; the *sable warrior*—the Black Prince, who died before his father ; *Thirst and Famine* refer to Richard the second, starved to death ; the *bristled boar* is Richard the third ; and the *form divine* is Elizabeth, of Welsh descent.

COLLINS : a poet of genius ; but his life aimless and closing in insanity. His works *Oriental Eclogues* and *Odes descriptive and allegorical*.

AKENSIDE : a physician. His best-known poem, the *Pleasures of Imagination*, was published in 1744. His miscellanies were collected in 1772.

Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure—the power of France and Indian wealth of Portugal.

JEAN ELLIOT : daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto House, Teviotdale, where she was born. The *Flowers o' the Forest* (the Forest being the name of a large Border district, on the Scottish side) is also called the *Lament for Flodden*, for the defeat of James the fourth at Flodden Field.

Lilting—carolling; *yowe-milking*—ewe-milking; *ilka*—each; *loaning*—a lane; *wede*—weeded; *scorning*—rallying, chaffing; *dowie*—dreary; *daffin'*—joking; *gabbin'*—chatting; *luglen*—milking-pail; *shearing*—reaping; *bandsters*—sheaf-binders; *lyart and runkled*—grizzled and wrinkled; *fleeching*—coaxing; *gloaming*—twilight; *swankies*—lithe, active lads; *bogle*—ghost; *dule*—grief.

COWPER: author of *John Gilpin*. His most important poem is *The Task*, in six books. Of other sustained works the chief are his *Table-Talk* and *Tirocinium*, or a *Review of Schools*. He wrote also *Olney Hymns*; and translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer.

The lines *on the loss of the Royal George* tell their own story. It happened in Portsmouth harbour, in 1782. *Mary* was his most faithfully attached friend, Mrs. Unwin, the cheerer of long years clouded by religious melancholy.

BRUCE, of Scottish birth, in youth a shepherd, died of consumption while studying for the Secession Church. His trusted friend and literary executor, the Rev. John Logan, published the lines *To the Cuckoo* as his own, omitting one stanza (the seventh) which identifies it with Bruce. Dr. Grosart, in his edition of Bruce's few poems, 1865, conclusively proves both Logan's theft and Bruce's authorship.

SIR WILLIAM JONES is scarcely to be counted as a poet even for these high-toned lines. Trench gives *The fiend Dissension*: which seems to make sense; but in the copy printed by the "Society for Constitutional Information," about 1780-2, the Ode apparently written for them, it is *The fiend Discretion*.

CHATTERTON: the "marvellous boy," who astonished and puzzled the literary world with his *Poems of Rowley*: forgeries, purporting to have been written in the 14th and 15th centuries. The Rev. Walter W. Skeat has completely overthrown the supposition of there being any early English foundation for these poems. He shows the metres to be wrong, the words wrongly syllabled, the phrases involving anachronisms. "Nothing but patience is required to unravel every riddle which the Rowley poems present." Their sole claim to attention is as the remarkable work of a precociously clever boy. The *Roundelay* (from *Ælla*, "a Tragycal Enterlude or Discoorseynge Tragedie wrotenn by Thomas Rowleye") and a *Ballad of Charity* (of his latest writing) give fair indication

of what he might have done had he lived. Barely eighteen when, despairing of life, he poisoned himself.

As he "coined a language," so he made his own glossary for words not otherwise to be explained. *Cryne* is hair; *rode*—complexion; *dente*—fasten; *gre*—grow; *Ouphante*—Elfin.

BLAKE: engraver, painter, poet; who wrote, printed, and published his poems, with his own designs, his own engraving, and his own colouring. Very beautiful some of these, young and simply natural, giving promise, as with Chatterton, of a rich maturity; but excess of imagination, verging on insanity, rendered his longer and later works incoherent and unintelligible. His shorter lyrics, his best, yet not always clear, are in the *Songs of Innocence*, 1787, and *Songs of Experience*, 1794. *Jerusalem and Milton*, "written against his will," soon after 1800, was the latest of his longer poetic utterances. After that he devoted himself mainly to Art.

BURNS. *Hallow-een*, the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, "and other poems," appeared in 1786; *Tam O'Shanter* in 1793. No need to comment on Songs which have gained a world-wide popularity, which close our four centuries of Verse with a music ever fresh and young as that of Chaucer in his youngest days. Very many of Burns' songs, altered or built up from old fragments, were contributed by him to Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*; and others afterward to Thomson's collection of *Original Scottish Airs*.

Wad—would; *bide the stoure*—bear the storm; *yestreen*—yester-even; *braw*—smart; *sleekit*—creeping; *brattle*—stir; *pattle*—a stick to clear the plough of earth; *daimen icker*—an odd ear of corn; *thrave*—a number of sheaves; *the lave*—the remainder; *big*—build; *foggage*—moss; *snell*—bitter; *but house or hauld*—out of house or hold; *thole*—endure; *cran-reuch*—frost; *no thy lane*—not alone; *agley*—awry; *stoure*—here meaning the ploughed-up ground; *bield*—shelter; *histie*—barren; *ilka*—every; *airts*—quarters; *row*—roll; *shaw*—a copse, a wood; *knowes*—knolls, hills; *aboon*—above; *scaith*—injure; *tent*—guard; *steer*—molest; *staw*—stole; *fou*—full of drink, merry; *coost*—toss'd; *asklent*—askance; *unco sleigh*—very proudly; *gart*—made; *abeigh*—by; *fleech'd*—coax'd; *grat*, etc.—wept till his eyes were blear'd and blind; *louping*—leaping; *linn*—water-fall; *smoor'd*—smother'd; *crouse and canty*—brisk and jolly; *snool*—snub; *bluntie*—stupid; *gleib*—patch, morsel; *clout*—snatch; *kith*—friends, not relations; *spier*—ask; *coof*—fool, a word of contempt; *loof*—the open hand, the inside; *warily tent*—be on the look out; *back-yett*—back-gate;

a-jee—ajar ; *syne*—then ; *lightly*—make light of ; *gowd*—gold ; *hoddin grey*—undyed wool ; *birkie*—fellow ; *the gree*—the triumph, or prize of victory.

NAIRN. Burns' countrywoman, Lady Nairn, may appropriately complete our volume, with a song worthy of Burns himself, and for a long while attributed to him as his death-singing. It was supposed to be addressed to his wife Jean, and so printed ; but it has been claimed by and for Lady Nairn, who wrote during the latter part of the century a number of songs : *Caller Herrings*, the *Laird o' Cockpen*, and many more, keeping her name secret. The *Land o' the Leal* was written in 1798. Four lines, not helping the song, were added by her many years later ; and of four other lines (says the Rev. Charles Rogers, who edited her poems in 1869) it is doubtful whether they be not "an interpolation by another hand." The words are here given as Lady Nairn first wrote them.

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